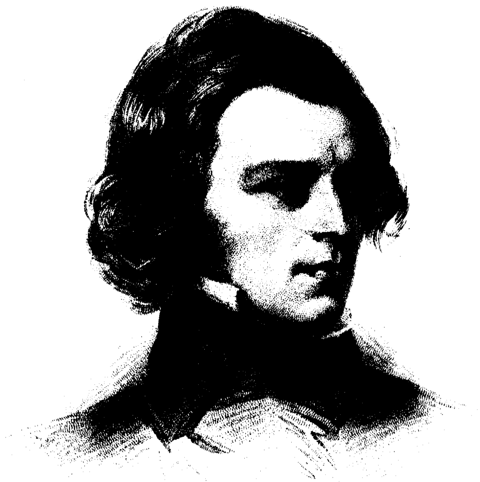


Ever yours

A Tennyson

ALFRED TENNYSON

HIS LIFE AND WORKS

BY

WALTER E. WACE

EDINBURGH
MACNIVEN AND WALLACE
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PREFATORY NOTE.

THIS Volume is intended as a companion to Mr. Tennyson's poems. It contains such biographical details as may legitimately be published; an account of his works and their reception; explanation of obscure passages; a bibliography and list of criticisms. It is by far the fullest collection of facts regarding Mr. Tennyson and his works that has yet been published. Care has been taken to exclude whatever would offend good taste.

The portrait is the earliest known, and was originally published in Mr. R. H. Horne's *New Spirit of the Age*. On the cover is a figure of part of Somersby Cross.

The facts have been gathered with great labour from many sources, public and private. My best thanks are especially due to R. Roberts, Esq., of Boston, the eminent printer and antiquary, who has given me generous and valued aid. I am also much indebted to the careful and tasteful work of Mr. R. H. Shepherd's *Tennysoniana*, and in the bibliography, next to Mr. Shepherd, to Dr. Allibone and the Hon. J. Leicester Warren.

Inaccuracies have doubtless escaped me. No work on the subject is free from them. I shall be very glad to have a note of such as may be detected.

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CHAPTER I.

EARLY DAYS IN LINCOLNSHIRE. POEMS BY TWO BROTHERS.

ALFRED TENNYSON, the most popular poet of our day, was born on August 5, 1809, at Somersby (not Somerby, as it is often spelt), a hamlet in Lincolnshire, about six miles from the market town of Horncastle, and containing some sixty inhabitants. In the same year were born Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Edgar Allan Poe, who lived to be ardent admirers of his genius. Of Somersby and a neighbouring parish his father, Dr. George Clayton Tennyson, was the Rector. He was also Vicar of Grimsby. Dr. Tennyson's father, George Tennyson of Bayon's Manor, Lincolnshire, originally a very successful lawyer in the town of Market Rasen, inherited property from an uncle named Clayton, and came into more by his marriage with

the daughter and heiress of G. Turner, Esq., of Caistor, Lincolnshire. He died in July 1835, aged eighty-five, having outlived his eldest son, the poet's father, and the bulk of his property went to the poet's uncle, Charles Tennyson, afterwards the Right Hon. C. T. D'Eyncourt, a Privy Councillor, M.P. for Lambeth, F.R.S., etc. D'Eyncourt was added by royal licence to commemorate descent from the ancient family of Baron D'Eyncourt. In the Laureate's pedigree may be met such names as Lascelles, Lancaster, Plantagenet, Gray, etc. Indeed it is superior, in the herald's sense, to that of many of our English nobility. Ralph Tennyson, who died in 1738, father of Michael Tennyson of Preston, County York, is the first recorded Tennyson of the family, according to a writer in *Notes and Queries*. Mr. Tennyson's mother was named Elizabeth Fytche, and was the daughter of the Rev. Stephen Fytche, Vicar of Louth, a neighbouring town where the Tennysons went to school. The family circle at Somersby was a very remarkable one. Dr. George Tennyson is said to have been a man notable for his great strength and stature, and his very considerable talents.

He was something of a poet, painter, architect, and musician, and also a considerable linguist and mathematician. The poet's brothers and sisters were all distinguished for their attainments. Of the brothers there were seven—Frederick, Charles (born at Somersby, July 4, 1808), Alfred, Edward, Horatio, Arthur, and Septimus. They amused themselves with composition in prose and verse from the time that they could first hold the pen, and indulged besides in very wide and varied reading. Alfred is said to have been in his boyhood passionately fond of the poetry of Scott. Besides what appears in print, there are manuscript evidences still existing which show the precocity of his genius. A manuscript tale written by him when a boy of thirteen, though not distinguished by special ability, shows that even then he was conscious of the possession of great powers. A few sketches and caricatures drawn by him in pen and ink show decided cleverness.

Somersby, where he spent the opening years of his life, is a quiet wooded village pleasantly situated at the foot of the Southwold. Driving from Horncastle, the visitor is agreeably im-

pressed with the soft pastoral aspect of the country. It is not, as some have fancied Lincolnshire, flat and prosaic—a region of vast plains and interminable water-courses, with only a few trees of the willow kind; it is, on the contrary, a fit birthplace for a great minstrel. 'To the north,' says one who knows it well,[1] 'rises the long peak of the wold, with its steep white road that climbs the hill above Thetford; to the south the land slopes gently to a small deep-channelled brook, which rises not far from Somersby, and flows just below the parsonage garden.' The scene is pictured in the 'Ode to Memory,' written very early in his life, and first published in 1830—

'The woods that build the grey hillside,
The seven elms and poplars four
That stand beside my father's door.
* * * * *
The brook that loves to purl o'er matted cress and ribbed sand,
Or tumble on the track of rushy coves,
Drawing into his narrow earthen urn,
In every elbow and turn,
The filtered tribute of the rough woodland.'

[1] 'A Lincolnshire Rector,' D. R., in *Macmillan*. Probably the Rev. Drummond Rawnsley, Halton, formerly of Shiplake (see p. 63). Mr. Rawnsley, who is connected with Mr. Tennyson through marriage, published a volume of Village Sermons dedicated to Lady Franklin.

This brook is what will interest travellers to the scene most deeply. It occurs again and again in the author's poems. The writer we have above quoted says that it appears in 'The Miller's Daughter' and in many other places in his poetry. It rises a little way above Somersby, and, after a course of some length through different villages, it enters the sea at a spot called Gibraltar Point, where it forms Wainfleet Haven. 'It is,' says a native of the district, 'the noisiest and most rippling I ever heard, and full of trout.' The house where the poet was born has been considerably enlarged, and the tiny church where his father ministered has been restored. But the curious will still see the quaint old 'Cross' reproduced on the cover of this book. The nearest towns to Somersby are Spilsby and Horncastle. Spilsby is famous as the residence of Sir John Franklin, afterwards related to Tennyson by marriage, the Laureate's references to whom are familiar. Perhaps some readers may remember it as the home of Bennet Langton, whom Samuel Johnson once visited there, and where he rolled down the hill in the exuberance of his spirits. Langton he loved so well that he said it was his

hand he should like best to hold in death. At Horncastle, a thriving little town, famous for its great horse-fair, Mr. Tennyson's future wife grew up, her father, Henry Sellwood, Esq., being in practice there as a solicitor. To this town probably Mr. Charles Tennyson refers in one of his beautiful sonnets—

> 'In the dark twilight of an autumn morn
> I stood within a little country town,
> Where from a long-acquainted path went down
> To the dear village haunts where I was born,
> The low of oxen on the rainy wind.
> Death and the past came up the well-known road
> And bathed my heart with tears, but stirred my mind
> To tread once more the track so long untrod.'

Mr. Alfred Tennyson received his early education from his father and at the village school, and there are those still living in the neighbourhood who remember him then. Although, as he himself predicted, the memory of the Tennyson family has begun to fade from the circle of the hills, he is remembered for his passion for the sea, where many of his early poems are said to have been written and revised. One school-fellow tells of him having run bareheaded all the way from Somersby to the seashore to be inspired by the ocean.

By and by he went with his brothers to the

grammar school at Louth, where his grandfather was vicar. The school is one of the richest and most important in the country, but its chief title to fame is that Alfred Tennyson was educated there, and prepared there for the press, in conjunction with his brother Charles, his first volume of poems. These *juvenilia* were written from the age of fifteen upwards. The copyright was sold for ten pounds to Messrs. Jackson, booksellers and printers, of Louth. Mr. Jackson, a member of the firm, died about three years ago, and his son-in-law now has the manuscript of the book. It was published in London by Simpkin and Marshall, who were then laying the foundation of their great connection. Eyre, afterwards so well known as Governor of Jamaica, went to the grammar school a year or two after the Tennysons had left, and found the boys very proud of school-fellows who had published a volume of poems.

The volume, 'Poems by Two Brothers,' has as a motto on the title-page the words from Martial—*Haec nos novimus esse nihil.*[1] It commands a price of about £5 in the book market.

[1] These words had already been used as a motto by Southey.

The preface, which is somewhat lengthy, commences:—'The following pages were written from the ages of fifteen to eighteen, not jointly but individually, which may account for their difference of style and matter,' etc. There are 102 poems, forming a volume of 228 pages in all kinds of metre and on all kinds of subjects, especially abundant in quotations from all manner of authors, including Addison, Beattie, Byron, Cicero, Claudian, Horace, Hume, Lucretius, Milton, Moore, Ovid, Racine, Mrs. Radcliffe, Rousseau, Sallust, Scott, Tacitus, Terence, Virgil, and Young. Byron is frequently quoted, and there is a poem on his then recent death. In chapter 'Bibliography' we give the contents of the volume, with some indications of the authorship. As a whole, it does not give much indication of the talent that was to dawn so soon. 'The most intense student of the Laureate,' says a very good judge, 'might read the volume through without the faintest suspicion of its authorship.' A few Tennysonian specimens may be given. In 'Antony and Cleopatra' we read—

'And I have moved within thy sphere,
And lived within thy light.'

And in 'The Vale of Bones' we read—

'When on to battle proudly going,
Your plumage to the wild winds blowing,
Your tartans far behind you flowing,
Your pennons raised, your clarions sounding,
Fiercely your steeds beneath you bounding.'

We have here something that reminds of the lines in 'Oriana'—

'Winds were blowing, waters flowing,
We heard the steeds to battle going,
Oriana;
Aloud the hollow bugle blowing,' etc.

In 'Midnight' we have this line—

'One dull lengthened sheet of swimming light.'

In 'The Fall of Jerusalem' there is the familiar ring—

'Like the morning star whose gleam
Gazeth from the waste of night,
What time old Ocean's purple stream
In his cold swell hath deeply laved
Its ardent front of dewy light.'

In a poem entitled 'Egypt' we have—

'The first glitter of his rising beam
Falls on the broad-based pyramids sublime.'

But, as a whole, there is comparatively little to indicate the glorious promise of his next volume. As might have been expected, the

volume attracted little or no attention. The industrious author of 'Tennysoniana' has been able to trace only one contemporary criticism, which appeared in *The Literary Chronicle*, May 19, 1827. 'This little volume,' says the reviewer, 'exhibits a pleasing union of kindred tastes, and contains several little pieces of considerable merit.'

He subjoins two as deserving of extract, viz., the stanzas commencing—

'Great Star of Eve so soft and clear,'

and 'God's Denunciations against Pharaoh Hophra.'

Lincolnshire was closely associated with the Laureate's history, and has been glorified by his genius. He has done for Lincolnshire not much less than Wordsworth has done for the Lakes. For example, 'Mariana,' 'The Dying Swan,' and 'The May Queen,' are full of reminiscences of Lincolnshire, its landscapes and its wild-flowers. The oxen's low from the dark fen, the grey-eyed morn, the lonely moated grange, the clustered marish mosses green and still, the lone grey fields, the dry dark wold, the marsh marigold that shines like fire in swamps, and hollows grey,—all these are

familiar in his poetry. 'The Moated Grange' is even yet to be seen in Lincolnshire. One fine old place, formerly inhabited by monks, has the remains of a chapel yet standing in the garden. Rare flowers grow there. The moat is a very large one, full of fish. It is covered with water-lilies, and abounds with water-hens. There are three or four moated farmhouses in the same neighbourhood. Bayon's Manor, the seat of Mr. Tennyson's cousin, has a moat round the place, a gatehouse and a drawbridge.

The sea as it appears on the Lincoln coast, with its salt pools and its long retreating tides, appears often in his poems. The glorious sunsets of Lincoln are sketched in the line—

'The wide-winged sunset of the misty marsh.'

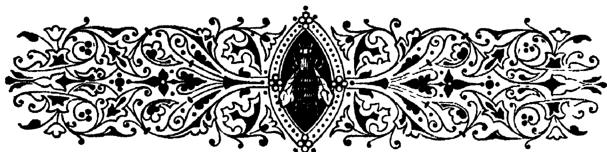
The customs also are not unnoticed. Thus 'In Memoriam,' section 28, the nearness of the Lincolnshire villages and churches to each other, which will be noticed by the traveller from Horncastle to Somersby, is evidenced by the poet hearing at one time four peals of Christmas Bells. And in another early poem we have a Lincolnshire garden described —an old-fashioned garden with old-fashioned

flowers, such, we are assured, as are still to be found in Lincolnshire—

'Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
  Over its grave in the earth so chilly;
Heavily hangs the hollyhock—
  Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.'

This pre-Raphaelite before the pre-Raphaelites has made much of a not very promising subject. Yet those who know Lincolnshire contend that her pastoral scenery is not behind other counties, while she has charms of her own in her wolds, her sounding shores and shining sands, and her grand parish churches with their lofty towers. At any rate, in the heart of this county Alfred Tennyson was born, and spent his freshest days, and did some of his best work. It was significant of the fame to which he was afterwards to rise, that he did not wander to fairer scenes, but described what was beside him. As a word-painter he is intensely true—exquisite in his accuracy, so much so, that a painter might perfectly rely on his statement of facts. In this he has a place beside the very greatest poets—

'Perhaps, compared with the great old masters,
  His range of landscape may not be much;
But who out of all their starry number
  Can beat our Alfred in truth of touch?'



CHAPTER II.

LIFE AT CAMBRIDGE. THE LOVER'S TALE AND TIMBUCTOO.

IF 'Poems by Two Brothers' showed but little of the characteristic genius of the Laureate, the same cannot be said of his next work, 'The Lover's Tale,' which was written in 1828, though not printed till 1833, and not published till 1879. It has a singular interest from the light it throws on the history of the author's mind. It shows that at the time when he wrote it he was greatly influenced by Shelley. It has been truly said that in this poem the youthful author has been often seduced from his own more characteristic language by reminiscences of recent readings of Shelley's works, particularly 'Epipsychidion.'[1]

[1] See the able notice of 'The Lover's Tale' in the *Academy*, by Mr. E. W. Gosse, one of the most genial and sympathetic of critics.

Had it not been for this poem, the influence of Shelley over Tennyson would hardly have been traceable. It was soon to fade before the much more powerful influence of Keats, the one poet antecedent to Tennyson to whom he has at any time stood distinctly in the relation of a disciple.

The poem is a monologue describing the thraldom of a love made irresistible by nature, circumstance, temperament, and beauty. Two cousins born on the same day, seldom parted for more than a few hours, enjoying a peculiar closeness of communion, are nevertheless parted by the confession of the maiden that she loves another. The unfortunate lover disappears into the forest, where he is constantly haunted by dreams that remind him of her loss. To these dreams succeeds her death, and the circumstances attending and following her funeral form the germ of the story as we find it in Boccaccio and the plot of 'The Golden Supper.' In the poem, confused and overheated as its style may sometimes be, we have not only indubitable promise but valuable performance. It is still possible to turn with enthusiasm to this first serious production of

the master and to hear in it, through all imitations, the melody of a new voice. It has been said to resemble Robert Browning's first poem, 'Pauline, a Fragment of a Confession,' which is in blank verse, of about similar length, written at about the same age, and published, by a curious coincidence, in the same year. As we have noted, the poem was not printed till 1833, and it was then withdrawn from the press without the omissions and amendments which the author had in contemplation, and marred by the many mistakes of the compositor. A friend, however, preserved a few proofs, and in 1870 one of them was sold in London along with the 1830 and 1833 volumes, and fetched £4, 12s. It soon became known, and was mercilessly pirated. Hence, in 1879, the author judged it wise to reproduce the two parts already known, with the addition of a third, long before written, but not published, and of 'The Golden Supper,' published in 1869.

About 1828 Charles and Alfred Tennyson removed to Trinity College, Cambridge, where their brother, Frederick Tennyson, noticed afterwards, had already entered. Here they soon became acquainted with a brilliant circle

of intimates, of whom we propose to give a brief account. Their tutor was William Whewell, corrupted by irreverent youth into Billy Whistle, who afterwards became master of Trinity College, and who is well known as having stripped the tree of knowledge and tasted most of its substantial fruits. At the time the Tennysons were his pupils he was Professor of Mineralogy, and some ten years after he was promoted to the chair of Moral Theology and Casuistical Divinity, a circumstance which sufficiently illustrates the versatility of his gifts. Nor was he altogether unfit to have such poets as pupils, he himself being the author of at least one prize poem, which is, curiously enough, on 'Boadicea,' a subject which Alfred Tennyson afterwards made his own.

Of these companions, perhaps the best known is Arthur Henry Hallam, whose connection with our subject is so interesting as to deserve a separate chapter. Amongst the others was John Mitchell Kemble, known amongst his friends as Jacky Kemble, who showed much promise, a promise which his after life did not entirely redeem. He proposed entering the Church, but turned aside to Anglo-Saxon studies

and labours in the Northern literature of the earliest ages. In this field he did some good work, but, dying prematurely, he is perhaps best remembered through his connection with Tennyson, who addressed to him the lines headed, 'To J. M. K.'

Another close friend was William Henry Brookfield, known for many years as a fashionable preacher in London, and ultimately incumbent of a country parish in Lincolnshire. Brookfield, during his Cambridge life, combined with a certain moodiness and melancholy a humour and power of mimicry which made him in society one of the most amusing of companions. 'At my age,' says a distinguished surviving contemporary, the Master of Trinity, 'it is not likely that I shall ever again see a whole party lying on the floor for purposes of unrestrained laughter, while one of their number is pouring forth, with a perfectly grave face, a succession of imaginary dialogues between characters real or fictitious, one exceeding another in humour or drollery. Brookfield almost lived with Arthur Hallam and the Tennysons, and, of course, with those who could afford time for their *noctes coenaeque.*'

Mr. Tennyson has commemorated this friend in a fine sonnet, to be found in the somewhat jerky biography prefixed by Lord Lyttelton to a posthumous volume of Brookfield's sermons. Mr. Brookfield is introduced under the name of Whitestock into Thackeray's sketch, 'The Curate's Walk.'

Another friend was James Spedding, afterwards so well known for his labours on the life and works of Lord Bacon. Spedding has written well and sympathetically on the poetry both of Alfred and Charles Tennyson. Another friend was Henry Alford, the amiable and accomplished Dean of Canterbury. From his published Journal we make the following extracts :—

'*July* 19*th*, 1830.—Tennyson says—

"To search the secret is beyond our lore,
And man must rest till God doth furnish more."

'*October* 12*th*, 1830.—Looked over both the Tennysons' poems at night: exquisite fellows. I know no two books of poetry which have given me so much pure pleasure as their works.' Later in the same October he writes—'Met Tennant, Hallam, Merivale, and the three Tennysons, at Alfred Tennyson's rooms. The

latter read some very exquisite poetry of his, entitled "Anacaona" and "The Hesperides."'

The Merivale here referred to afterwards became Dean of Ely, and is well known for his learned labours as a historian. That he has gifts as a poet appears from his graceful and scholarly translation of Homer, and particularly from the charming dedication to his wife which is prefixed to that work.

Another friend was Lord Houghton, then Richard Monckton Milnes. He it was who managed the private theatricals in which Hallam and Kemble took a part, and where the Tennysons were doubtless present. Mr. Milnes early and sympathetically criticised his friend's works. Besides these may be mentioned Richard Chenevix Trench, now Archbishop of Dublin, one of the sweetest poets of the day.

We have mentioned that more than one of these friends were the enthusiastic critics of Alfred Tennyson's powers. Thereby hangs a tale. In 1820 a certain number of Cambridge undergraduates, attracted to each other by a kindred taste for literature and a common reverence for free inquiry, more frowned upon then than now, formed among themselves a

small society for weekly essay and discussion. From the fact that the number of resident members was limited to twelve, it became known as the society of the Cambridge Apostles. Free discussion was the object and occupation of the weekly gatherings of the society, whose annals have been kept secret.[1] All subjects, not excluding religious, were discussed with the most perfect freedom. Alfred Tennyson was a member of that society, and amongst others were such men as Charles Buller, Lord Stanley, Lord Houghton, Bishop Thirlwall, Henry Lushington, John Sterling, Arthur Hallam, Edmund Lushington, W. H. Thompson, Alford, Trench, Spedding, and many others. The members of the society have been through life the enthusiastic champions of each other's claims to recognition; and the intelligence and perseverance with which the more recondite beauties of Tennyson's poetry have been sought out and proclaimed, and impressed upon the public mind, by these friends, have done much to secure for his works the vogue they have.

It does not appear probable that the poet

[1] See a paper by Mr. W. D. Christie in *Macmillan* for November 1864, and Lord Lytton's Life of Julian Fane, chap. III.

devoted himself very enthusiastically to the studies of the place. But in 1828 he gained the Chancellor's prize for a poem on the extremely unpromising subject of 'Timbuctoo.' Arthur Hallam was a competitor, but the victory fell to his friend, whose work may be found in the collection of Cambridge prize poems. Amongst the list of Chancellor's prizemen are the names of Whewell, Macaulay, Praed, Buller, Christopher Wordsworth, H. J. S. Maine, Julian Fane, Frederic W. Farrar. We probably hazard little in saying that 'Timbuctoo,' although undoubtedly juvenile, is the best of the number. It was noticed as follows in the *Athenæum* for July 22d, 1829:—

'We have accustomed ourselves to think, perhaps without any very good reason, that poetry was likely to perish among us for a considerable period after the great generation of poets which is now passing away. The age seems determined to contradict us, and that in the most decided manner, for it has put forth poetry by a young man, and that where we should least expect it, namely in a prize poem. These productions have often been ingenious and elegant, but we have never before seen one of them which indicated really first-rate poetical genius, and which would have done honour to any man that ever wrote. Such we do not hesitate to affirm is the little work

before us; and the examiners seem to have felt it like ourselves, for they have assigned the prize to its author though the measure in which he writes was never before thus selected for honour. We extract a few lines to justify our admiration (62-112). How many men have lived for a century who could equal this?'

This notice was written either by John Sterling or Frederick Maurice, more probably the latter. From 1828 to the middle of 1830 the *Athenæum* was mainly conducted by these two young men. The performances of Sterling in those early days gave full promise of his future achievement, an achievement, alas! so soon cut short. But he himself wrote—'Of what good you have found in the *Athenæum*, by far the larger part is attributable to Maurice. When I have done any good I have seldom been more than a patch of sand to receive and retain his footsteps.'

It is perhaps worthy of note that three lines of 'Timbuctoo' appear in the 'Ode to Memory'—

> 'She was nigher to heaven's spheres
> Listening the lordly music flowing from
> The illimitable years.'

We may also note that Thackeray, then a lad of seventeen, who had just gone up to Cam-

bridge, wrote and published in a little Cambridge periodical called the *Snob* some burlesque lines on the subject—

'In Africa, a quarter of the world,
Men's skins are black, their hair is crisped and curled;
And somewhere there, unknown to public view,
A mighty city lies called Timbuctoo.
* * * *
I see her tribes the hill of Glory mount,
And sell their sugars on their own account;
While round her throne the prostrate nations come,
Sue for her rice, and barter for her rum.'

Like Thackeray, Alfred Tennyson left the University without taking a degree. It is curious that the two most distinguished Cambridge men of the century left their University without the usual recognition.



CHAPTER III.

ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM.

OF all Tennyson's friends at Cambridge, the closest was Arthur Henry Hallam, whose memory he has immortalised in 'In Memoriam.' Cut off at an early age, and prevented by circumstances from ever fully developing his powers, Arthur Hallam did not die till he had left an indelible impression on the minds of all who knew him. The facts of his life are derived from a memoir written by his father. The son of Henry Hallam, so well known as a historian, he was born in Bedford Row, London, on the 1st of February 1811. At an early age his clearness of perception, readiness of acquisition, and above all his sweetness of temper and strict conscientiousness, became evident. In 1818 he spent some months with his parents in Italy and Switzerland, and became familiar with the French language, which he had already

learned to read with facility. In little more than twelve months he learned to read Latin with tolerable ease. Soon after he began to write tragedies which showed wonderful precocity of talent for a boy only eight or nine years old.

After a short time at a preparatory school he went to Eton, where he continued till 1827. He did not become a first-rate classical scholar, a circumstance accounted for by the bent of his mind to other subjects. The poets of England, especially the older dramatists, drew his mind away from ancient literature. Of Shakespeare particularly he became a diligent and enthusiastic student. Byron was for a time his favourite among modern poets, but was ultimately discarded for Wordsworth and Shelley.

Immediately before leaving Eton he began to contribute to the *Eton Miscellany*. He had previously distinguished himself by the part he took in the Debating Society, where he showed great power of argumentative discussion. On leaving Eton he passed eight months with his parents in Italy, becoming familiar with the language and the works of Dante and Petrarch. Art, even more than poetry, fascinated him, and

'his eyes were fixed on the best pictures with silent intense delight.'

In October 1829 he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he soon became acquainted with the Tennysons, and thus began that ever-memorable friendship of which 'In Memoriam' is the monument. Like his friends he was the pupil of the Rev. William Whewell. The desultory nature of his acquirements forbade all hope of distinction in examinations, and he did not so much as attempt any Greek or Latin composition during his stay in Cambridge. This was at first a disappointment to his father; but he gradually became reconciled to the evident bent of his son's mind. Arthur paid no attention whatever to Mathematical studies,—another circumstance which his father very naturally deplores. The truth is, his memory was very treacherous in retaining facts which did not interest him; and besides, in the first year of his residence at Cambridge, symptoms of disordered health begun to show themselves. A too rapid determination of blood to the brain made him often incapable of mental fatigue. But his brilliant powers were soon recognised, and his College reputation was very high. In 1831 he

obtained the first prize for an English declamation on the conduct of the Independent party during the Civil War. In consequence of this success, it fell to him to deliver an oration in the chapel before the Christmas vacation. He chose as a subject the influence of Italian upon English literature. He also gained a prize for an English essay on the philosophical writings of Cicero.

With history, especially the history of thought, he was very familiar. His political opinions, though fluctuating, were always prompted by a strong sense of justice and a generous ardour for the oppressed. With the whole range of French literature he was almost as well acquainted as with that of England.

The society in which he lived at Cambridge composed, as we know, some of the choicest spirits there. From the tributes afterwards to be quoted, it will appear in what admiration they held him.

He left Cambridge on taking his degree in January 1832. He resided from that time with his father in London in 67 Wimpole Street, referred to in 'In Memoriam'—

> 'Dark house, by which once more I stand
> Here in the long unlovely street.'

Arthur used to say to his friends, 'You know you will always find us at sixes and sevens.' He was entered on the boards of the Inner Temple, and at the earnest desire of his father applied himself vigorously to the study of law, entering, in the month of October 1832, the office of an eminent conveyancer, with whom he continued till his departure from England in the following summer.

He now gave up writing poetry, but employed himself in translating from Dante and other occasional writings, amongst which were memoirs of Petrarch, Voltaire, and Burke, for the Gallery of Portraits published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. A very competent judge, Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh, says that these lives are of rare merit, and show a striking insight into the deepest springs of human action. The following is Hallam's estimate of the character of Burke: 'The mind of this great man may perhaps be taken as a representative of the general characteristics of the higher intellect. Its ground-work was solid, practical, and conversant with the details of business; but upon this, and secured by this, arose a superstructure of imagination and rare

sentiment. He saw little, because it was painful for him to see anything beyond the limits of the natural character. In all things, while he deeply reverenced principles, he chose to deal with the concrete rather than with abstractives. He studied *men* rather than man.'

From the latter part of his residence at Cambridge his spirits improved; he was animated, and even gay, with his most valued friends. His health seemed to improve; the symptoms of deranged circulation no longer manifested themselves. But an attack of intermittent fever in the spring of 1830 may perhaps have predisposed his constitution to the last fatal blow.

His father tells the sad close very briefly. Arthur accompanied him to Germany in the beginning of August. In returning to Vienna from Pesth, a wet day probably gave rise to an intermittent fever with very slight symptoms, and apparently subsiding, when a sudden rush of blood to the head put an instantaneous end to his life on the 15th of September 1833. It appeared on examination that the cerebral vessels were weak, and that there was a want of sufficient energy in the heart. In the usual

chances of humanity a few more years would probably have been fatal.

His 'loved remains' were brought to England and interred on the 3d of January 1834 in the chancel of Clevedon Church, Somersetshire, belonging to his maternal grandfather, Sir Abraham Elton—a place selected by his father not only from the connection of kindred, but also from its sequestered situation on a lone hill overlooking the Bristol Channel.

Before speaking of his writings, we may quote some tributes which show the wonderful charm and influence this young man exercised. His father says: 'From the earlier years of this extraordinary young man, his premature abilities were not more conspicuous than an almost faultless disposition sustained by a more calm self-command than has often been witnessed in this season of life. The sweetness of temper which distinguished his childhood became with the advance of manhood a habitual benevolence, and ultimately ripened into that exalted principle of benevolence towards God and man which animated and almost absorbed his soul during the latter period of his life, and to which most of the following compositions bear such emphatic

testimony. He seemed to tread the earth as a spirit from some better world; and in bowing to the mysterious will which has in mercy removed him, perfected by so short a trial, and passing over the bridge which separates the seen from the unseen life in a moment, and as we may believe without a moment's pang, we must feel not only the bereavement of them to whom he was dear, but the loss which mankind have sustained by the withdrawing of such a light.'

Henry Alford, the late Dean of Canterbury, an intimate friend, thus addresses him in the School of the Heart, an early work—

'Gentle soul
That ever moved among us in a veil
Of heavenly lustre; in whose presence thoughts
Of common import shone with light divine,
Whence we drew sweetness as from out a well
Of honey pure and deep, thine early form
Was not the investiture of daily men,
But thou didst wear a glory in thy look
From inward converse with the spirit of love;
And thou hadst won in the first strife of youth
Trophies that gladdened hope, and pointed on
To days when we should stand and minister
To the full triumphs of thy gathered strength.'

Mr. Gladstone says: 'The memory of Arthur Henry Hallam, who died suddenly in 1833, at

the age of twenty-two, will doubtless live chiefly in connection with this volume ("In Memoriam"). But he is well known to have been one who, if the term of his days had been prolonged, would have needed no aid from a friendly hand, would have built his own enduring monument, and would have bequeathed to his country a name in all likelihood greater than that of his very distinguished father. The writer of this paper was more than half a century ago in a condition to say—

> "I marked him
> As a far Alp; and loved to watch the sunrise
> Dawn on his ample brow."

'There perhaps was no one among those who were blessed with his friendship—nay, as we see, not even Mr. Tennyson—who did not feel at once bound closely to him by commanding affection, and left far behind by the rapid growth and rich development of his ever-searching mind; by his—

> "All-comprehensive tenderness,
> All-subtilising intellect."

'It would be easy to show what, in the varied forms of human excellence, he might, had life been granted him, have accomplished; much

more difficult to point the finger and to say, "This he never could have done." Enough remains from among his early efforts to accredit whatever mournful witness may now be borne of him. But what can be a nobler tribute than this, that for seventeen years after his death, a poet, fast rising towards the lofty summit of his art, found that young fading image the richest source of his inspiration, and of thoughts that gave him buoyancy for a flight such as he had not hitherto attained?'

Richard Monckton Milnes, now Lord Houghton, in a small volume of poems published a few months after Arthur Hallam's death, has a dedication to Henry Hallam, in which he pays the following tribute to Arthur's memory: 'If I have ever entertained pleasurable anticipations connected with the publication of any production of my mind, they have owed not a little to the thought that I should thus be enabled to give, in my humble way, an open testimony to the affectionate admiration with which I regarded one whom I loved with the truth of early friendship, and you with a parent's passion. It has pleased that high Will to which we must submit everything, even our loves, to

take him away, in whom the world has lost so much, and they who knew him so much more. We are deprived not only of a beloved friend, of a delightful companion, but of a most wise and influential counsellor in all the serious concerns of existence, of an incomparable critic in all our literary efforts, and of the example of one who was as much before us in everything else as he is now in the way of life.

'I hold his kind words and earnest admonitions in the best part of my heart, I have his noble and tender letters by my side, and I feel secure from any charge of presumption in thus addressing you under the shield of his sacred memory.'

There is a sonnet to A. H. H. in Mr. Charles Tennyson's 1830 volume of sonnets and fugitive pieces. Mr. Tennyson's latest reference to Arthur Hallam, in his memorial sonnet on the Rev. W. H. Brookfield, shows that the memory is still green—

'He the lost light of these dawn-golden times.'

Such testimonies might be multiplied, but it is time to turn for a moment to the remains published by his father. At first only a hundred

copies were printed, and the book was difficult to obtain, but it has since been twice reprinted, and may be occasionally met with. The most notable part, the review of Alfred Tennyson's poetry, is referred to in our next chapter. The poems it was intended to print along with Tennyson's, but they were withheld at the request of Mr. Henry Hallam. They include the poem on Timbuctoo already referred to, and a few other pieces. Some of his poems were not printed, as they seemed to his father to have too much personal emotion to be fit for unveiling. As a whole, his poetry is not memorable, though graceful and touching. A few lines may be given—

'Alfred, I would that you beheld me now,
Sitting beneath a mossy ivied wall,
On a quaint bench which to that structure old
Winds an accordant curve. Above my head
Dilates immeasurable a waste of leaves,
Seeming received into the blue expanse
That vaults this summer noon.'

In the elaborate essay *Theodicaea Novissima* he grapples with the great mystery of the origin of evil. This is probably the most remarkable of his writings, and shows considerable speculative acuteness combined with fervent piety.

The essay was evidently known to Mr. Tennyson, who quotes from it in the *Palace of Art*, with slight modification, the striking phrase, 'God . . . *with whom alone rest the abysmal secrets of personality.*' But upon the whole, his works were only a faint prophecy of what might have been, and his greatness appears chiefly from the unbroken testimony of his friends. The friendship of Arthur Hallam and Alfred Tennyson lasted for four years, and was passing into a fifth when it was sundered by death.



CHAPTER IV.

POEMS: 1830 AND 1833.

IN 1830 Mr. Effingham Wilson, Cornhill, London, published a volume entitled 'Poems, chiefly Lyrical, by Alfred Tennyson.' The volume contains 154 pages, of which some 60 are to be found in the present issues of his poems. It includes 'Claribel,' 'Lilian,' 'Isabel,' 'Mariana,' 'To Madeline,' 'The Merman,' and 'The Mermaid;' song, 'The Owl,' second song to the same; 'Recollections of the Arabian Nights,' 'Ode to Memory,' 'Adeline,' 'The Poet,' 'A Dirge,' 'The Deserted House,' 'Life and Death,' 'Ballad of Oriana,' 'The Sea Fairies,' along with a few other poems still reprinted, but a few not now accessible may be referred to. Of these, the first is 'Elegiacs,' which opens thus—

> 'Low flowing breezes are roaming, the broad valley dimmed
> in the gloaming,
> Thoro' the black-stemm'd pines only the far river shines.'

'Here,' says Mr. Warren, 'a boy of nineteen has already perfected for himself that harmonious individuality of expression, that strange power of saying commonplace things in a way peculiar to himself, of strengthening all he touches by adding a turn and stamp of his own, and all this with an apparent ease that veils the art.' 'The supposed confessions of a second-rate sensitive mind not in unity with itself' combine remarkably deep reflection and strong emotion. Arthur Hallam said that the title was incorrect, because the mood portrayed in the poem was rather the clouded season of a strong mind than the habitual condition of one feeble and second-rate. 'The poem,' says Leigh Hunt, 'is one which Crashaw might have written in a moment of scepticism, had he possessed vigour enough.' One touching passage—

'In the flocks
The lamb rejoiceth in the year,
And races freely with his fere,
And answers to his mother's calls
From the flowered furrow. In a time
Of which he wots not, run short pains
Through his warm heart, and then, from whence
He knows not, on his light there falls
A shadow, and his native slope,
Where he was wont to leap and climb,

Floats from his sick and filmèd eyes,
And something in the darkness draws
His forehead earthward, and he dies.'

'The Mystic,' in blank verse, better known than most of the poems by having been some years ago widely printed, contains some of the most striking of all his lines. Thus—

'He often lying broad awake, and yet
Remaining from the body and apart
In intellect and power and will, hath heard
Time flowing in the middle of the night,
And all things creeping to a day of doom.'

'Love' is remarkable for its tenderness and delicacy—

'Thou foldest like a golden atmosphere
The very throne of the eternal God,
Passing through the edicts of His fear
And mellow'd into music.

* * * *

To know thee is all wisdom, and old age
Is but to know thee.'

'Dualisms' contains the following lines describing two children at play—

'Like unlike they roam together
Under a summer vault of golden weather;
Like unlike they sing together,
Side by side,
'Mid May's darling golden-lock'd,
Summer's tanling diamond-ey'd.'

This little volume found some to welcome it. Leigh Hunt reviewed it in a series of papers in *The Tatler*, in which he compared with it the small volume of sonnets issued at the same time by Charles Tennyson, and awarded the prize to Alfred. The *Westminster Review* discussed the volume in a careful article, saying that the poems demonstrated the possession of powers whose future direction was a matter of anxiety, and counselled the poet to be true to his grand conception of the poet's mission—

> 'Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
> The love of love.'

'Mr. Tennyson,' the reviewer said, 'has made some very touching and very animating melodies. He is master of musical combinations; his songs set themselves and generate their own tunes, as all songs do that are good for anything.' The *Atlas* remarked—'We are extremely pleased with Mr. Tennyson; some of his scattered thoughts are eminently beautiful.'

But the most interesting criticisms on the 'Poems, chiefly Lyrical,' are those by Arthur Henry Hallam and Professor Wilson. Hallam's criticism was contributed to the *Englishman's Magazine*, and is entitled 'On some of the

Characteristics of Modern Poetry, and on the Lyrical Poems of Alfred Tennyson.' The article appeared in August 1831, and has been only partly reprinted in Hallam's *Remains*. It is full of enthusiasm, but is critical withal. Tennyson is pronounced a poet in the truest and highest sense: 'His ear has a fairy fineness; there is a strange earnestness in his worship of beauty, which throws a charm over his impassioned song more easily felt than described, and not to be escaped by those who have once felt it. The author imitates nobody. We recognise the spirit of his age, but not the individual form of this or that writer.' Five distinctive excellencies of Tennyson's manner are marked. *First*, his luxuriance of imagination and his control over it; *second*, his power of embodying himself in ideal characters; *third*, his vivid picturesque delineation of objects, and peculiarity with which he holds all of them fused in a medium of strong emotion; *fourth*, the variety of his lyrical measures and exquisite modulation of words and cadences; and *fifth*, his elevated habits of thought.

Very different was Wilson's criticism, which appeared in *Blackwood*, May 1832. Wilson

was then in the day of his influence—an influence which has strangely and completely disappeared. 'His crowings,' said M. D. G. Rossetti some years ago, 'have long since given place to much sweet singing that they tried to drown.' And certainly it would be easy for a hostile critic to make a very damaging case against the quondam luminary of Edinburgh and *Blackwood.* Still an impartial judgment will admit that Wilson was possessed of great powers, and a genuine and generous faculty of appreciation. The recklessness of expression, characteristic of his time, and only too congenial to one who was too much at home in the over-heated atmosphere of politics, have served to impair his reputation and reduce his authority. But those who read his review of Tennyson will probably think that in some respects the critic does his author justice. In the *Noctes Ambrosianae* for the preceding February, Wilson had remarked—'He has a fine ear for melody, and harmony too, and rare and rich glimpses of imagination; he has genius. I admire Alfred, and hope, nay trust, that one day he will prove himself a poet. If he do not, then I am no prophet.' The detailed criticism, when it ap-

peared, contained some coarse and vulgar censure, which considerably nettled the poet, as appears from his reply in his next volume—

> 'I forgave you all the blame,
> I could not forgive the praise,
> Crusty Christopher.'

But Wilson's genuine love of nature prevented the excess of critical aberration of which Lockhart, the other great Tory editor, was guilty in treating the volume of 1832. In 1831 Dr. Tennyson, the poet's father, died. He was, as has been noted above, a man of considerable gifts, and is reputed in local tradition to have been of a somewhat stern and saturnine disposition. He was very fond of paintings, and built a picture-gallery in Somersby rectory, for which room he carved a mantelpiece out of the stone of the district. He was interred in Somersby churchyard, where a plain gravestone, with a half-worn inscription is still to be read. No other of the family is buried there. Mrs. Tennyson retired to Hampstead, near London, where she resided till her death.

In this year Mr. Tennyson contributed some pieces to various miscellanies. Three were

printed in *The Gem* for 1831. One contains the lines—

> 'O sad no more, O sweet no more,
> O strange no more.'

And the other has the name 'Lenore,' from which an ingenious writer in the *Athenæum* has plausibly conjectured that Poe wrote his 'Raven' after reading them, as the heroine is called 'Lenore,' and the refrain is 'Never more.' There is a sonnet beginning—

> 'Check every outflush, every ruder sally
> Of thought and speech ; speak low and give up wholly
> Thy spirit to mild-minded melancholy.'

Another sonnet commencing—

> 'There are three things that fill my heart with sighs,
> And steep my soul in laughter (when I view
> Fair maiden forms moving like melodies),'

was published in the *Yorkshire Literary Annual* for 1832, which volume contained also a sonnet by Edward Tennyson—so far as we are aware his only acknowledged work. A third sonnet commencing—

> 'Me my own fate to lasting sorrow doometh,'

appeared in *Friendship's Offering* for the same year.

Undaunted by the somewhat frigid reception of his work, the poet published another volume in the winter of 1832. His volume appeared with the imprint of Mr. Edward Moxon, who continued for many years to act as the poet's publisher. It contained 163 pages, and marks a very distinct advance in his genius. Amongst other poems that it contains, are 'The Miller's Daughter,' 'Fatima,' 'Oenone,' 'The Palace of Art,' 'The May Queen,' 'New Year's Eve,' 'A Dream of Fair Women,' and 'The Death of the Old Year.' To 'Fatima,' the following motto was prefixed—

φαίνεταί μοι κῆνος ἴσος θεοῖσιν
Ἔμμεν ἀνήρ.

A number of alterations have been made, some of which have been noted in our chapter 'Alterations,' but substantially all the valuable parts of the work have been preserved, and the volume as a whole shows great advance on its predecessor.

His second appearance as a poet was naturally viewed as a distinct challenge, and it was soon taken up in the *Quarterly Review.* The author of this famous article was, we think, almost beyond question the editor Lockhart. One or

two suspicious circumstances, indeed, might connect it with the notorious Croker, but his articles are generally recognisable by their profusion of italics and capitals, and besides there are touches of satire too delicate for Croker. Lockhart never better deserved his title 'Scorpion' than when he wrote this article. The criticism, although it unquestionably fastens upon some weak points, is nevertheless so monstrously unjust and inadequate as to induce a feeling of thankfulness that criticism is now so much more patient, careful, and serious. The critic adopts a tone of ironical praise which must have been in the highest degree distasteful to his subject. A specimen or two may be quoted as a warning to critics. Quoting the line—

'If any sense in me remains,'

the reviewer says, 'Even after he is dead and buried, as much sense will still remain as he has now the good fortune to possess.'

Quoting Tennyson's stanza—

'Isaiah with fierce Ezekiel,
Swarth Moses by the Coptic Sea,
Plato, Petrarca, Livy, Raphael,
And Eastern Confutzee,'

the critic quotes the description of 'The Blarney collection of Statues'—

'Statues growing that noble place in
Of heathen goddesses most rare;
Homer, Plutarch, and Nebuchadnezzar
All standing naked in the open air.'

The article concludes with a contemptuous allusion to the poet's reply to Christopher North, in which Lockhart says he has observed always that young poets can endure any amount of blame, but that praise is too much for them, and illustrates his observation by the story of the London Alderman who imbibed somewhat too deeply of claret, with the result that he had to be carried home. He explained his discomfiture next morning, not to the claret, which was sound and could do no one harm, but to a single strawberry which he had kept all night at the bottom of his glass. Tennyson, whatever he may have felt, said nothing, but with characteristic wisdom availed himself of his critic's suggestion by striking out some of the most vulnerable parts of his book.

But more generous and discerning judges came to the rescue. Samuel Taylor Coleridge spoke words of encouragement. While ad-

mitting the beauty of the young poet's verse, he complained of their want of harmony, and recommended him to write for the next two or three years in well-known and strictly defined metres. John Sterling said—'Lately I have been reading some of Alfred Tennyson's second volume, and with profound admiration of his truly lyric and idyllic genius.' Allan Cunningham said—'He has lyrical ease and vigour, and is looked upon by sundry critics as the chief living hope of the Muse.' Finally, John Stuart Mill reviewed the poems in the *Westminster* for July 1835, and with his usual earnestness and generosity, applied all his powers to making a just estimate of the new aspirant. With all this, however, the sale seems to have been slow, and a second edition did not appear.



CHAPTER V.

TEN YEARS' SILENCE. POEMS IN TWO VOLUMES.

GRIEF for Arthur Hallam's death may account in some measure for the long silence which followed the 1832 volume. The well-grounded confidence Mr. Tennyson has always shown in his poetic gifts forbids us to suppose that the critics shut his lips, but it may well be that he desired to perfect himself still further in his art before he again appeared before a public which had so little appreciated him.

The silence was not altogether unbroken. In 1837 he published in the *Keepsake* the lovely poem 'St. Agnes,' and in the same year he contributed to a collection of poems entitled 'The Tribute,' and edited by Lord Northampton, the still more lovely lines commencing 'O that 't were possible,' which have been reproduced in 'Maud,' and which has been spoken of by Mr.

Swinburne as the poem of the deepest charm, and fullest delight, of pathos and melody ever written even by Mr. Tennyson.

Of the poet's life during those years we know little. He is said to have spent part at least of the time in Caistor, Lincolnshire, where his uncle was vicar, and to have written there his poem, 'Death of the Old Year.' But his time was spent mainly in London. R. H. Horne says—'Avoiding general society, he would prefer to sit up all night with a friend, or else to sit and think alone. Beyond a very small circle he is never met.'

But though silent, he was not forgotten. His detractors did not forget to taunt him. We find the *Quarterly Review* in 1839, in a notice of Monckton Milnes' poems, says that he will regret few sins of his youth more bitterly than the homage he has now rendered at the fantastic shrines of such baby idols as Mr. John Keats and Mr. Alfred Tennyson. Not content with this, the same journal returned to the charge in the following year, where Miss Barrett is blamed for borrowing affectations from Mr. Tennyson's writings. Friends, however, were also mindful. The *Edinburgh Review*, which had not noticed

his volumes, remarked on the beautiful stanzas in 'The Tribute' as the work of a true poet. Many calls were made for a new edition of the volumes which were long out of print. As Mr. Spedding remarked in the *Edinburgh Review*, one of the severest tests by which an author can try the truth of his book is to let it continue for two or three years out of print. If a new edition be perseveringly demanded, it may be concluded that the work has in it something of abiding interest and permanent value. In 1842 there appeared 'Poems by Alfred Tennyson,' in two volumes, which is substantially what we buy at the present day. It consists of three divisions —*first*, a selection from the contents of the 1830 volume; *second*, a selection from the volume of 1832, in which division were included six poems written in 1833—'Lady Clara Vere de Vere,' 'The Blackbird,' 'The Goose,' and the three lyrics, 'You asked me Why,' 'Of old sat Freedom,' and 'Love thou thy Land;' *third*, poems published for the first time, including 'Ulysses,' 'Love and Duty,' 'The Two Voices,' 'The Talking Oak,' 'Godiva,' 'A Vision of Sin.' Two notes since omitted were appended to this edition. One is an 'Idyll of Dora,' and was

partly suggested by one of Miss Mitford's pastorals, and the ballad of 'Lady Clare,' by the novel of 'Inheritance.' The poem of 'Ulysses' is founded on a passage in the 'Divina Commedia' of Dante.

The poem 'To—— on reading a life and letters,' was first published in the *Examiner*, March 24, 1849. That to 'E. L.,' on his travels in Greece, was first printed in the edition of 1873, and addressed to Edward Lear, a landscape painter, on his book entitled 'Journals of Tours in Central and Southern Italy and Albania.' Lear is the author of 'The Book of Nonsense,' and published in 1870 'The Journal of a Landscape Painter in Corsica,' which proved that his pencil and pen had lost none of their vigour and delicacy.

The reception of these volumes was instantly enthusiastic. The poet reaped the rich reward of his long discipline. Critics of all kinds lifted their voices in praise, and some suffrages must have been peculiarly valued. Foremost was the venerable Wordsworth, who had an interview with Tennyson in his publisher's house in 1843.[1] In 1845 Wordsworth writes to Professor Reed—

[1] We state this on the authority of Thomas Cooper.

'I saw Tennyson when I was in London several times. He is decidedly the first of our living poets, and I hope will live to give the world still better things. You will be pleased to hear that he expressed in the strongest terms his gratitude to my writings. To this I was far from indifferent, though persuaded that he is not much in sympathy with what I should myself most value in my attempts—namely, the spirituality with which I have endeavoured to invest the material universe, and the moral relations under which I have wished to accept its most ordinary appearance.'

In the life of Thomas Cooper the following interesting passage occurs in the record of a conversation with Wordsworth in September 1846:—

Cooper asked Wordsworth's opinion of the poetry of the day. 'There is little that can be called high poetry,' he said. 'Mr. Tennyson affords the richest promise. He will do great things yet, and ought to have done greater things by this time.' 'His sense of music,' observed Cooper, 'seems more perfect than that of any of the new race of poets.' 'Yes,' he replied; 'the perception of harmony lies in the very

essence of the poet's nature, and Mr. Tennyson gives magnificent proofs that he is endowed with it.' Cooper instanced Tennyson's rich association of musical words as proofs of his possessing as fine a sense of music in syllables as Keats and even Milton, and the patriarchal poet, with an approving smile, assented.

In America the volumes found a cordial welcome. Lowell, as acute a critic then as now, declared that it might be centuries before such a thinker and speaker as Tennyson appeared. Edgar Allan Poe avowed that admiration in which he was so constant during his whole life. 'I am not sure,' said he, 'that Tennyson is not the greatest of poets. By the enjoyment or non-enjoyment of the Morte d'Arthur or Oenone I would test any one's ideal sense.' He concurs, further, with Coleridge, in complaining of the poet's deficient sense of rhythm—'Tennyson's shorter pieces abound in minute rhythmical lapses, sufficient to assure me that in common with all poets, living or dead, he has neglected to make precise investigation of the principles of metre. But, on the other hand, so perfect is his rhythmical instinct in general that he seems to see with his ear.' John Sterling reviewed the

poems in the *Quarterly* in a very different strain from Lockhart. 'The blank verse poems,' he said, 'have a quiet completeness and depth—a sweetness arising from the happy balance of thought, feeling, and expression that ranks them among the richest of our recent literature.' James Spedding, his companion at Cambridge, reviewed the volume in the *Edinburgh*, pronouncing that it showed powers adequate to the production of a great work.

Macvey Napier, then editor of the *Edinburgh*, gave Mr. Spedding leave to review the book on condition that he would not commit the *Edinburgh Review* to any praises or prophecies that would endanger its reputation. But Mr. Spedding could not refrain from prophesying that if Mr. Tennyson could find a subject large enough to take the entire impress of his mind, he might produce a work which should as much exceed them in value as a series of quantities multiplied into each other exceeds in value the whole series added together. This was too much for the cautious editor.

Thomas Carlyle quoted a line in his 'Past and Present.' Thomas Aird, the Scotch poet, says, under date 22d April, 1843—'I have

been sauntering for some time reading Alfred Tennyson's poems and other light matters. Alfred's brother lent me his poems. Beautiful they are, certainly; strong and manly often, but oftener capricious, silly, and affected. Godiva was a most difficult affair, certainly, yet treated with what perfect grace and beauty!'

It could not be expected that detractors could be altogether silent. In 1845, in the Bon Gaultier Ballads, William Aytoun and Theodore Martin ridiculed in gross parodies some of Tennyson's most exquisite poems, including 'The May Queen' and 'Locksley Hall.' In a parody on 'The Merman,' entitled 'The Laureate,' are the following lines—

'Who would not be
The Laureate bold,
With his butt of sherry
To keep him merry;
And nothing to do
But to pocket his gold?
'Tis I who would be
The Laureate bold.'

Aytoun was the son-in-law of Professor Wilson, and inherited some of his worse, but few of his better, qualities. For some time a literary light in the Northern metropolis, he is now forgotten,

or remembered only for his assaults on men much superior to himself.

A more formidable assailant soon after took the field. In 1845 Alfred Tennyson received a pension of £200 through Sir Robert Peel. The pension, it is said, was granted not for literary merit, but as a compensation for some claim the Tennyson family had on the Crown. However this may be, Bulwer Lytton, in the winter of 1845, published the 'New Timon,' attacked Tennyson in the most contemptuous terms, speaking of his poetry as a jingling medley of purloined conceits, and of himself as being quartered on the public purse in the prime of life, without either wife or family. He probably soon repented his rash assault, for a month or two after 'Miss Alfred,' as he had styled Tennyson, retorted in *Punch* in some of the most bitter and trenchant lines ever written. He spoke of Lytton as—

> 'The padded man that wears the stays;
> Who killed the girls, and thrilled the boys
> With dandy pathos'—

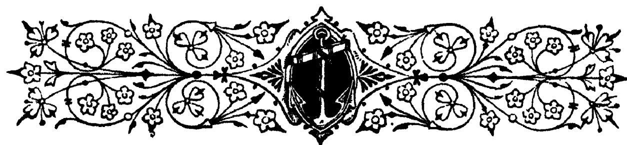
using other epithets as forcible, which need not now be resuscitated. Repenting apparently of the severity of his lines when he read them in

print, he published in the next number the stanzas now printed under the title 'Literary Squabbles,' commencing—

'Ah God! the petty fools of rhyme.'

It is pleasant to be able to say that this dispute was more than made up. Lytton spoke afterwards in the most generous terms of Tennyson, who returned the compliment by dedicating to Lord Lytton's son his drama 'Harold.'

These attacks were of small account, the general verdict being eminently favourable. Henry Crabb Robinson, in his diary for 31st January 1845, says—'I dined this day with Rogers. We had an interesting party of eight—Moxon, the publisher; Kenny, the dramatic poet; Spedding, Lushington, and Alfred Tennyson—three young men of eminent talent, belonging to literary young England, the latter, Tennyson, being by far the most eminent of the young poets. He is an admirer of Goethe, and I had a long *tête-à-tête* with him about the great poet. We waited for the eighth, a lady (Hon. Mrs. Norton), who Rogers said was coming on purpose to see Tennyson.'



CHAPTER VI.

'THE PRINCESS.' LAUREATESHIP AND MARRIAGE.

VERY slight changes were made in the editions which soon appeared of the poems. One was published in 1843, another in 1845, and another in 1846. The poet seems to have quietly enjoyed his literary success. We are told by William Howitt: 'It is very possible you may come across him in a country inn, with a foot on each hob of the fire-place, a volume of Greek in one hand, his meerschaum in the other—so far advanced toward the seventh heaven that he would not thank you to call him back into this nether world.' Miss Mitford, in one of her lively letters, reports a conversation with a young lady intimately acquainted with the Tennysons at this

period. According to this friend they were singularly free from littleness, estimating people not by their position but by their real worth. Alfred Tennyson declared that people in England were not merely indifferent to poetry, they positively hated it.

The poet's friends were clamouring for a complete work, and complaining that his power hitherto had been displayed in fragments and snatches, having no connection, and therefore deriving no light or further interest the one from the other. In obedience, perhaps, to this demand, he published, in 1847, 'The Princess, a Medley.' The idea of 'The Princess' seems to have been suggested by Dr. Johnson's 'Rasselas.' 'The Princess thought that of all sublunary things, knowledge was the best. She desired first to learn of sciences, and then proposed to found a college to teach women, in which she would preside.' As the poem now stands, about 170 lines have been added to the blank-verse of the first edition, these lines being occasioned chiefly by the weaving into the plot of the piece the after-thought of the Princess's cataleptic seizures. The lyrics which divide the sections were added at the same time. Very few lines are sup-

pressed, but some of those omitted are forcible, *e.g.*—

'Go, fitter thou for narrowest neighbourhoods,
Old dog-eared haunt where gossip breathes and seethes,
And festers in provincial sloth.'

Although 'The Princess' was admittedly brilliant, it was thought scarcely worthy of the author. The abundant grace, descriptive beauty, and human sentiment were evident. But the medley was thought somewhat incongruous, and the main web of the tale too weak to sustain the embroidery raised upon it. D. M. Moir, the amiable 'Delta' of *Blackwood's Magazine*, says—'Its beauties and faults are so inextricably interwoven, and the latter are so glaring and many, nay, often apparently so wilful, that as a sincere admirer of the genius of Tennyson I could almost wish the poem had remained unwritten. I admit the excellencies of particular passages, but it has neither general harmony of design nor sustained merit of execution.' A verdict more favourable, but somewhat in the same strain, may be said to be that now generally accepted.

The volume is dedicated, in the second edition, to Henry Lushington, with whom the poet

became acquainted in 1841. Scarcely any companion was so attractive to Mr. Lushington as Tennyson; and Tennyson frequently remarked that, of all the critics with whom he had discussed his own poems, Mr. Lushington was the most suggestive. Tennyson's works were so familiar to Lushington that, if they had been all destroyed, it is believed his memory could have reproduced the whole.

Leaving 'In Memoriam' for a separate chapter, we note the interesting events of Mr. Tennyson's marriage and his appointment to the Laureateship. He was married June 13, 1850, at Shiplake Church, Oxfordshire, to Emily, daughter of Henry Sellwood, Esq. Mr. Sellwood came from Berkford to Horncastle, where he married, and practised many years as a solicitor. His wife was the sister of Sir John Franklin, who lived at Spilsby, about ten miles from Horncastle. Mr. Sellwood had three daughters. Alfred Tennyson married the eldest; Mr. C. R. Weld, geographer at Somerset House, and author of many works of travel, married the second; and Charles Tennyson Turner the third. It is perhaps permissible to say that Mrs. Tennyson is the 'dear, near, and true' of the beautiful dedica-

tion of 'Enoch Arden.' Mrs. Tennyson wrote in 1864 a song entitled 'The Alma River,' which was set to music.

The marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. Drummond Rawnsley, who was connected by marriage with Sir John Franklin. It was witnessed by Cecilia Lushington, the poet's sister; Edmund Law Lushington, her husband, long professor of Greek in Glasgow University; Catherine Ann Rawnsley, wife of the vicar; and Henry Sellwood, father of the bride.

Mr. Fields, the Boston publisher, says:—'Once, I remember, Miss Mitford carried me on a pilgrimage to a grand old village church with a tower half-covered with ivy. We came to it through laurel hedges, and passed on the way a magnificent cedar of Lebanon. It was a superb pile; rich in painted glass windows and carved oak ornaments. Here Miss Mitford ordered the man to stop, and turning to me with great enthusiasm said, "This is Shiplake Church, where Alfred Tennyson was married."'

After his marriage he seems to have stayed for some time at Twickenham. In a letter dated September 1851, Miss Mitford tells us that the Brownings, on their way from Italy to

England, stopped at Paris, and in the Louvre they thought they saw Alfred Tennyson. Looking on the book, they found his name written, 'A. Tennyson, Rentier.' So then they met and offered each other their houses, he having a cottage at Twickenham, and they not having given up their apartments at Casa Guidi. Of this marriage there was issue two sons, Hallam and Lionel, both of whom have contributed to the *Nineteenth Century*. Miss Mitford, writing in 1853, says:—'Alfred Tennyson was with Charles Kingsley lately, much softened and improved by the birth of his child. They are looking for a house near her friends, but would come here, Mr. Kingsley thinks, if we could find him a habitation. I should like that much.' They took up their abode ultimately at Farringford, Isle of Wight, which has been the Laureate's home for many years, and is inseparably identified with his genius. Some glimpses of Farringford will be found further on. In 1850 the venerable Wordsworth died, and, after some delay, Alfred Tennyson was appointed his successor. 'In Memoriam' appeared very soon after Wordsworth's death, and the reverence and admiration with which

it was received prepared the public for Mr. Tennyson's nomination. But the suffrages were by no means unanimous. Leigh Hunt claimed the laurel, and was supported by some. The *Athenæum* urged the title of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, saying that it would be a peculiarly graceful action to appoint a woman of such genius laureate to Queen Victoria, and besides that the action would reward two poets at once. When after some months Mr. Tennyson was appointed, the same journal complained of Lord John Russell's use of his patronage, and while freely admitting Mr. Tennyson's poetical title, said that it had been sufficiently recognised already by the gift of a pension. It is said that the laurel was first offered by Prince Albert to Mr. Rogers, whose thin rill of poetic genius is now almost forgotten, and of whom the most notable fact is perhaps that he contrived to pay a call on Samuel Johnson, and lived to prophesy the future greatness of Algernon Swinburne. He was then eighty-seven years of age, and felt that his years and wealth should prevent him from interfering with the claims of younger and poorer men. Mr. Tennyson was presented [illegible] the Queen's *levee* at Buckingham

Palace, March 6th, 1851. He wore the same clothes as had been used by Wordsworth on his installation.

A curious letter was published two or three years ago by Lord Macaulay, written in December 1850, in which he says:—'These great masters of the art of poetry, of whom no age or country has produced many, of whom England cannot at this moment be said to possess one, of whom in all Christendom there are not six.'[1]

It is a curious matter of speculation who could have been the five out of England who were superior to Tennyson. Had Macaulay been living now he might have spoken differently.

[1] Printed in the poems of S. G. Franz.



CHAPTER VII.

'IN MEMORIAM.'

IN 1850 there appeared what is in the opinion of many the greatest work of the Laureate's genius, 'In Memoriam.' In this poem he has done, according to a neat American epigram, for Friendship what Petrarch did for Love. Indeed, it is obvious that the scheme of the work is suggested by the series of poems dedicated by Petrarch to the memory of 'Laura.' The versification of 'In Memoriam' is usually said to be borrowed from Ben Jonson; but there has been pointed out by Mr. Comyns Carr that the rough and jolting verses of Jonson are too deficient in rhyme and cadence to suggest the matchless melody of 'In Memoriam.' He is undoubtedly right in tracing the metre of the verses to Lord Herbert of

Cherbury. The following stanzas by Herbert will show the similarity. They occur in a piece entitled 'An Ode upon the Question whether love should continue for ever.'

'Oh! no, beloved, I am most sure
These virtuous habits we acquire,
As being with the soul entire,
Must with it evermore endure.

'Else should our souls in vain elect,
And vainer yet were Heaven's laws,
When to an everlasting cause
They give a perishing effect.

'Not here on earth, then, nor above,
Our good affections can impair,
For where God doth admit the fair,
Think you that He excludeth love?

'These eyes again these eyes shall see,
These hands again these hands enfold,
And all chaste blessings can be told
Shall with us everlasting be.

'For if no use of sense remain
When bodies once their life forsake,
Or they could no delight partake,
Why should they ever rise again?

'Let, then, no dark Alenda touch,
Much less your fairest mind invade;
Were not our souls immortal made,
Our equal loves can make them such.'

The poem has been analysed by Mr. Tainsh and Mr. Bayne, whose arrangement we follow. The first twenty-one pieces are occupied with the period intervening between Arthur's death and burial. Several beautiful pieces are suggested by the voyage of the ship that bears his remains to England. The ship arrives, the grave is dug, and, meditating by the grave, the poet bethinks himself of the cross of their friendship. Through four sweet years they had walked with each other; in the autumn of the fifth year the shadow feared of man broke the fair companionship. Piece after piece is now filled with the melodious reflections of the poet on the past. He comes at last to say—

''Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.'

In the next piece we come to the first Christmas after Arthur's death, which is followed by three home-like pieces, two suggested by the inter-

course of Christ with the family at Bethany, and the other rebuking the cynical scepticism of the age. The poem continues deeply religious, and profound questions are started and partially or tentatively answered. Number 72 commemorates the first return of the day that Arthur died; and in the interval between the first anniversary of his loss and the second Christmas, he reflects on the transitory nature of human affairs. The second Christmas comes, and over all things is the quiet sense of something lost; yet the tear is dried, and the *New Year* is greeted with hope. The second anniversary of the death is not so gloomy as the first. Before the third Christmas the Tennyson family quit their native Lincolnshire, and their departure affords suggestions for several beautiful lyrics. The third Christmas, then, is passed in a new land, and grief is not oppressive, so he bursts out in those jubilant verses whose burden is—

'Ring in the Christ that is to be.'

Arthur's birthday arrives in the winter, and the day is kept with festal cheer, as if he were by. The same glow, and strength, and joy,

and hope pervade the rest of the poem, which ends with the description of a marriage. Very little change has been made upon 'In Memoriam.' In a recent edition, No. 39, beginning'—

'Old warder of those buried bones.'

is one of the most obscure in the compass of the poem. An interpretation will be found in Chapter XIII.

One objection raised at the time,[1] and since, that there is something insincere in rhymed and measured sorrow, has been formulated lately by Mr. Goldwin Smith in the apophthegm, 'Poetry cannot be the direct expression of emotion.' The facts of literature are a sufficient reply. The verses Lord Macaulay wrote after his defeat at Edinburgh have, says Lord Houghton, a high gnomic tone, and add to the instances of the human inclination to look to verse as the appropriate expression of emotion in the crises of life, which shows itself not only in such cultivated minds as those of Macaulay or Lord Morpeth after his defeat for the West Riding—

[1] Especially by Charlotte Brontë.

'Spurned by the lordly owners of the soil,
Rejected by the humbler sons of toil,'

but in rude and illiterate natures such as that of Lord Nelson, whose doggerel to Emma from Copenhagen, dated 'Nine o'clock at night, very tired after a hard-fought battle,' is a wonderful private note in the great page of history. Some may remember the eerie verses written by William Bell Scott when his brother David was dying, which are to be found in his strange life of David Scott.

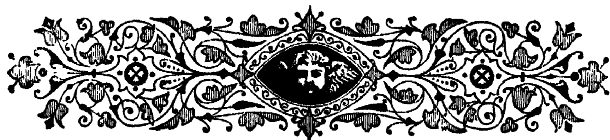
The poem was received with reverence and admiration as a permanent addition to the wealth of English literature. Sara Coleridge writes to Aubrey de Vere, under date August 6, 1850: 'I have just received your kind present of "In Memoriam"; many thanks. What a treasure it will be if I can ever think of it and feel about it as you do and as Mr. T. does! You said, "the finest strain since Shakespeare," and afterwards that you and Mr. T. agreed that it set the Author above all modern poets, save only W. W[ordsworth] and S. T. C[oleridge]. My impression of the pieces you recited was that they expressed great intensity of feeling; but all

that is in such poetry cannot be perceived at first, especially from recitation.' She came at last to think with Mr. Kenyon and Lady Palgrave, who are not mere friend critics, that '"In Memoriam" is a highly interesting volume, and worthy to be compared with the poems of Petrarch. I think it like his poems both in the general scheme and the execution of particular pieces.'

No book of the Laureate, perhaps no book of the century, has taken a firmer hold of the English mind than this poem. And none perhaps more faithfully reflects the attitude of the age towards things unseen.

In the register of baptisms at Twickenham we find the name of Hallam Tennyson, son of the Laureate, who at that time (1852) resided at Twickenham, where he had written 'In Memoriam,'—'a fact,' says the *Spectator*,[1] 'which will make the place more worthy of a pilgrimage in future days than all the memories it can boast of Walpole and of Pope.'

[1] November 9, 1872.



CHAPTER VIII.

LAUREATE POEMS.

TENNYSON was a patriotic poet before he was appointed Laureate. Hence it is not wonderful that he should have given a new honour to the office, an office which the inanity and servility of previous occupants had made far from enviable. When he writes patriotic songs, he assumes, it has been truly said, quite a different individuality. His rhythm roughens, and the whole utterance of the man is changed. In March 1851, the seventh edition of his poems appeared, prefaced with an address to the Queen, one stanza of which is now removed—

'She brought a vast design to pass,
  When Europe and the scattered ends
  Of our fierce world did meet as friends,
And brethren in her halls to class.'

Shortly after the French *coup d'état* of December 1851, he published three stirring lyrics, two under the pseudonym 'Merlin,' in the *Examiner*, then edited by his friend Mr. John Forster. These were, 'Britons, guard your own,' *Examiner*, January 31st, 1852, and the 'Third of February 1852;' and 'Hands all Round,' *Examiner*, February 7th, 1852. From 'Britons, guard your own' we quote:—

'BRITONS, GUARD YOUR OWN.

'Rise, Britons, rise, if manhood be not dead,
The world's last tempest darkens overhead,
The Pope has blessed him,
The Church caressed him,
He triumphs: maybe we shall stand alone:
Britons, guard your own.

'Peace-lovers we, sweet Peace we all desire,
Peace-lovers we, but who can trust a liar?
Peace-lovers, haters
Of shameless traitors;
We hate not France, but this man's heart of stone:
Britons, guard your own.

'Call home your ships across Biscayan tides,
To blow the battle from their oaken sides,

Why waste they yonder
Their idle thunder?
Why stay they there to guard a foreign throne?
Britons, guard your own.'

This poem was not signed.

'Hands all Round' appeared in the *Examiner* for February 7th, 1852, along with the 'Third of February 1852,' under the pseudonym 'Merlin.' We quote

'HANDS ALL ROUND.

'Just drink a health this solemn night,
A health to England, every guest;
That man's the best cosmopolite
Who loves his native country best.
May Freedom's oak for ever live
With stronger life from day to day;
That man's the true conservative
Who lops the mouldered branch away;
Hands all round:
God the tyrant's hope confound:
To the great cause of freedom drink, my friends,
And the great name of England round and round.

'Gigantic daughter of the West,
  We drink to thee across the flood,
We know thee most, we love thee best,
  For art thou not of British blood?
Should war's mad blast again be blown,
  Permit not thou the tyrant powers
To fight thy mother here alone,
  But let thy broadsides roar with ours;
      Hands all round:
  God the tyrant's cause confound,
To our great kinsmen of the West, my friends,
  And the great name of England round and
    round.'

'The Third of February 1852' refers to the debate held in the House of Lords that evening, when the Peers advocated a policy the poet disapproved of in regard to the Emperor of the French. In view of the alliance between England and France in the Crimean War, Mr. Tennyson might not have thought it advisable to own these poems, and, with the exception of 'The Third of February 1852,' which was reprinted in 1872, they remain unacknowledged.

His noblest work as Laureate is perhaps the tribute to the Duke of Wellington, originally

published on the day of the Duke's funeral, and considerably altered since. Five lines are omitted in all subsequent editions:—

'Perchance our greatness will increase,
Perchance the dark'ning future yields
Some reverse from worse to worse—
The blood of men in quiet fields,
And sprinkled on the sheaves of Peace.'

'The Charge of the Light Brigade' was first published in the *Examiner* of Saturday, December 9th, 1854, with the note—'Written after reading the first report of the *Times*' correspondent, where only 607 sabres are mentioned as having taken part in the charge.' It was printed afterwards in a quarto sheet of four pages, with the following note at the bottom:—'Having heard that the brave soldiers at Sebastopol, whom I am proud to call my countrymen, have a liking for my ballad on the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, I have ordered a thousand copies of it to be printed for them. No writing of mine can add to the glory they have acquired in the Crimea; but if what I heard be true, they will not be displeased to

receive these copies of the ballad from me, and to know that those who sit at home love and honour them. ALFRED TENNYSON.

'*8th August* 1855.'

On the occasion of the marriage of the Princess Royal, January 25, 1858, Mr. Tennyson wrote two additional verses to the National Anthem.

In the *Times* of Monday, May 9, 1859, appeared the stanzas headed 'The War,' better known under the title of 'Riflemen, Form,' bearing the signature of 'T.' They were absurdly attributed by some to Mr. Tupper, but are unquestionably by Tennyson, although not openly acknowledged by him. His interest in the Volunteer movement is shown by his letter to Colonel Richards, who claimed to be its originator :—

'FARRINGFORD, FRESHWATER, ISLE OF WIGHT,
April 19, 1867.

'I most heartily congratulate you on your having been able to do so much for your country. I hope that you will not cease from your labours until it is the law of the land that every man-child in it shall be trained

to the use of arms.—I have the honour to be, yours faithfully, A. TENNYSON.'

In a new edition of 'The Idylls of the King,' published in 1862, was added the dedication to the memory of the Prince Consort. The Princess Alice wrote a letter to Mr. Tennyson, by command of Her Majesty, expressing 'the pleasure and consolation which the Queen has derived from the dedication to the late Prince Consort which he has prefixed to the new edition of the "Idylls of the King."'

The Exhibition Ode, May 1st, 1862, was printed in *Fraser's Magazine* for June.

'Welcome to Alexandra' was published separately on the 18th March 1863.

The following lines are inscribed on Mr. Theed's statue of the late Duchess of Kent at Frogmore:—

'HER CHILDREN RISE UP AND CALL HER BLESSED.'

'Long as the heart beats life within her breast
The child will bless thee, Guardian mother, mild;
And far away thy memory will be blessed,
By children of the children of thy child.

He has written an address to the Queen at the close of his Idylls, and a welcome to the Duchess of Edinburgh. His last work in this capacity is the beautiful dedication to the memory of the Princess Alice, in the *Nineteenth Century*. Mr. Tennyson may be described as thoroughly English in his sentiments, and more than a little bellicose. He has, however, refused to identify himself with any political party. In 1880 the Conservative students in Glasgow University endeavoured to obtain his consent to become a candidate for the Lord Rectorship; but when he learned that he was to be the nominee of a political party, he withdrew, though willing to come forward trusting to his literary claims. It is perhaps not to be wondered at that he was a subscriber to the Eyre Defence Fund along with Carlyle, Ruskin, and Kingsley. He wrote to the Secretary as follows:—'I send my small subscription as a tribute to the nobleness of the man, and as a protest against the spirit in which a servant of the State, who has saved to us one of the islands of the Empire and many English lives, seems to be hunted down. In the meantime the outbreak of our Indian mutiny remains as a warn-

ing to all but madmen against want of vigour and swift decisiveness.'

This chapter may fitly close with an extract from one of Mr. Gladstone's most brilliant retorts—given in reply to Lord John Manners in the course of a Reform Bill debate:—'My noble friend,' said Mr. Gladstone, 'in his speech delivered to-night tempts me to ground upon which, if I had not heard the words of Tennyson from his mouth, I should not have ventured to tread. My noble friend described England as

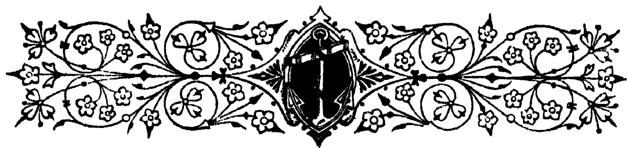
"A land of old and wide renown,
Where Freedom broadens slowly down."

My noble friend stopped with these lines. It did not suit his purpose to go on. But the poet proceeds, and adds these lines, not a whit less worthy of his fame:—

"And statesmen at her council met
Who knew the seasons when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet."

This, said the *Athenæum*, will live and be had in recollection with the glorious lines themselves.[1]

[1] The lines, however, are from different poems.



CHAPTER IX.

'MAUD.'—LIFE AT FARRINGFORD.

IN 1855 Mr. Tennyson published 'Maud, and other Poems.' Some of the most exquisite lines in 'Maud,' as we have seen, had been written and published long before. But how far the scheme of the poem had been matured at that time is unknown. However this may be, the poem, when it appeared, was received with an almost unanimous chorus of disapprobation. For one thing, it was dreamy and obscure, and most readers found it difficult to frame a coherent story out of the fragments. But the chief fault was thought to be the war spirit which it breathed. 'The nation of shopkeepers,' who were denounced for their love of peace, resented the reproof, and especially resented the praise

of war. War was apparently lauded as the cure for moral evils, and especially the cure for the evil of Mammon-worship. Besides, it was declared that Mr. Tennyson's muse was not fitted for the poetry of war. The poet was pronounced careless, visionary, and unreal; his intellect, pathos, and melody were said to have almost vanished, leaving little more than a narrow scorn, piquing itself on its scorn of narrowness, and a passion which clothed itself in exaggerated conceits. This judgment was practically unanimous, and was shared in especially by Mr. William C. Roscoe, whose criticism of the poet is amongst the best which have appeared. The *Times* headed the chorus of disparaging voices in a coarse and spiteful article. Vindicators, however, were not entirely wanting. Mr. Sydney Dobell warmly declared the poem to be the author's best, a judgment which, with all respect for Dobell's genius, does not in this instance possess much critical weight. Dobell was too partial to morbid and obscure poetry, and had suffered too many things at the hands of critics for his own poem 'Balder,' to be acquiescent with them now. Dr. R. J. Mann, well known as a

scientific writer, came forward with a little pamphlet entitled 'Tennyson's "Maud" vindicated —an Explanatory Essay (London: Jarrold and Sons),' which Mr. Tennyson declared to be a full explanation of his intent. 'No one,' said the poet, 'with this essay before him can in future pretend to misunderstand my dramatic poem "Maud." Your commentary is as true as it is full.' Dr. Mann's pamphlet is a calm and clear exposition, chiefly noteworthy as insisting on the dramatic nature of the poem, which must not be taken as expressing the poet's own mind, and repudiating energetically any personal reference to Mr. John Bright. Dr Mann calls the poem a monodrama, and Tennyson in the latest editions has added this to the title. The poem was greatly changed in following issues: it has been divided into two, and subsequently three parts. The effect of the changes has been greatly to improve it. Tennyson has listened to reasonable criticism, and amended his work. Mr. Bayne sums up the changes as follows:—First, the poem is announced as a monodrama. We are thus taught to expect that the hero will speak throughout for himself. Though it is improbable that he should do so

in real life, still the artist has a right within certain limits to adopt his own machinery. Second, The work is now divided into three parts, and thus the bewilderment felt in listening to a speaker sane at one moment, and mad at another, are now abated. The changes in melody are thus made more appropriate. Stanzas in one instance extending to so many as one hundred lines are deftly added here and there, so that the direction of the road can be perceived with entire distinctness. Further reasons are given why Maud should love the hero. Her mother, when dying, had said something over her dying bed which left an indelible impression on Maud's mind, that Maud's father and his had betrothed them one to the other. Though the bond had been dissolved by the suicide of one of the fathers in a state of madness brought upon him by the dishonourable conduct of the other, Maud had always nursed the idea that it was her duty for her mother's sake to be reconciled to the son of the suicide. The duel between Maud's brother and her lover, and the death of the brother, is followed by Maud's death, announced in a new verse. The mind of her lover gives way completely.

He is haunted by a phantom that reminds him of Maud. A period of wilder lunacy succeeds. In part third he is sane and calm, capable of sympathising with the high ambition of a people resolute to do justice, and glad that England has undertaken in the Crimean War to wreak God's wrath on a giant liar. Last of all, six lines are added, grandly summing up the meaning and moral of the poem. Mr. Gladstone confesses that he criticised the poem unfairly at the time, did injustice to its rich and copious beauties, and failed to see the relation between particular poems and the general scope.

The same volume contained 'The Brook,' which is thought to be that flowing below Somersby Rectory; the Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington; and, amongst other poems, 'Lines to the Rev. F. D. Maurice.' Mr. Maurice had already dedicated his 'Theological Essays' to Tennyson as follows:—

'*To* ALFRED TENNYSON, ESQ., *Poet Laureate.*

'MY DEAR SIR,—I have maintained in these Essays that a Theology which does not correspond to the deepest thoughts and feelings of

human beings cannot be a true Theology. Your writings have taught me to enter into many of those thoughts and feelings. Will you forgive me the presumption of offering you a book which at least acknowledges them and does them homage?

'As the hopes which I have expressed in this volume are more likely to be fulfilled to our children than to ourselves, I might perhaps ask you to accept it as a present to one of your name in whom you have given me a very sacred interest. Many years I trust will elapse before he knows that there are any controversies in the world into which he has entered. Would to God that in a few more he may find that they have ceased! At all events, if he should ever look into these Essays, they may tell him what meaning some of the former generation attached to words which will be familiar and dear to his generation, and to those that follow his,—how there were some that longed that the bells of our churches might indeed

"Ring out the darkness of the land
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

Believe me, my dear Sir, yours very truly and gratefully, F. D. MAURICE.'

A few passages describing Mr. Tennyson's life about this period may now be given. Nathaniel Hawthorne thus describes a meeting with Tennyson at Manchester in 1857:—'While I was among the Dutch painters, —— accosted me. He told me that the "Poet Laureate" (as he called him) was in the Exhibition rooms, and, as I expressed great interest, was kind enough to go in quest of him. Not for the purpose of introduction, however, for he was not acquainted with Tennyson. Soon Mr. —— returned, and said he had found the Poet Laureate, and, going into the saloon of the Old Masters, we saw him there, in company with Mr. Woolner, whose bust of him is now in the Exhibition. . . .

'Gazing at him with all my eyes, I liked him well, and rejoiced more in him than in all the wonders of the Exhibition.

'How strange that in these two or three pages I cannot get one single touch that may call him up hereafter!

'I would gladly have seen more of this one poet of our day, but forbore to follow him; for I must own that it seemed mean to be dogging him through the saloons, or even to look

at him, since it was to be done stealthily, if at all.

'He is as un-English as possible—indeed, an Englishman of genius usually lacks the national characteristics, and is great abnormally.

'Un-English as he was, Tennyson had not, however, an American look. I cannot well describe the difference, but there was something more mellow in him—softer, sweeter, broader, more simple than we are apt to be. Living apart from men as he does would hurt any one of us more than it does him. I may as well leave him here, for I cannot touch the central point.'

Referring to this narrative, Mr. Fields, in his 'Yesterdays with Authors,' says: 'It was during one of his rambles with Alexander Ireland through the Manchester Exhibition rooms that Hawthorne saw Tennyson wandering about. I have always thought it unfortunate that these two men of genius could not have been introduced on that occasion. Hawthorne was too shy to seek an introduction, and Tennyson was not aware that the American author was present. Hawthorne records in his journal that he gazed at Tennyson with all his eyes, "and

rejoiced more in him than in all the other wonders of the Exhibition." When I afterwards told Tennyson that the author whose "Twice-Told Tales" he happened to be then reading at Farringford had met him at Manchester, but did not make himself known, the Laureate said in his frank and hearty manner: "Why didn't he come up and let me shake hands with him? I am sure I should have been glad to meet a man like Hawthorne anywhere."'

In the 'Life of Sydney Dobell,' who had visited the Isle of Wight owing to ill health, we find a letter of date 1857 containing the following passage—'We have had many cloudy days lately, but even they have been almost equally abnormal—soft, shady days, with south-west winds, as tender often as spring, and with thrushes singing in all the hedges, in a way that, at another season, would be so exquisite, but now in the very death and funeral of the year, is sad enough, because unnatural. I hardly think Tennyson has done well, as a poet, in fixing his house in such exceptional conditions. He lives, you know, about twenty miles from us along the same coast. The

country people are much amazed at his bad hat and unusual ways, and believe devoutly that he writes his poetry while mowing his lawn. However, they hold him in great respect, from a perception of the honour in which he is held by their "betters." Our housewife here is a friend of his servant, and she entertained us with an account of how said servant had lately been awed. Opening to a ring at the door, when the Tennysons were out, she saw a "tall, handsome gentleman" standing there, who, on learning they were not at home, turned to go. "What message shall I give?" quoth the maid. "Merely say Prince Albert called."'

Writing a few years later, Mr. Dobell, describing an evening spent at Farringford, says, 'We found the glorious old god as god-like as ever. Nothing could be kinder than both Mr. and Mrs. Tennyson—he in his great blind superhuman manner like a colossal child—and his often repeated disappointment that we could not stay longer near them was as unfeigned and straight-spoken as everything, large and little, that comes out of that mouth, with which he seems rather to think aloud than, in the ordinary acceptation, to speak.

When E—— told him in the morning that we were going to bring an authoress, his horror at "writing women" was grotesque to behold.'

Bayard Taylor in his 'At Home and Abroad' gives the following account of a visit he made to Farringford:—

'I had so long known the greatest of living English poets, Alfred Tennyson, not only through his works, but from the talk of mutual friends, that I gladly embraced an opportunity to know him personally, which happened to me in June, 1857. He was then living at his home, the estate of Farringford, near Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight. I should have hesitated to intrude upon his retirement, had I not been kindly assured beforehand that my visit would not be unwelcome. The drive across the heart of the island from Newport to Freshwater was alone worth the journey from London. The softly undulating hills, the deep green valleys, the blue waters of the Solent, and the purple glimpses of the New Forest beyond, formed a fit vestibule of landscape through which to approach a poet's house.

'As we drew near Freshwater, my coachman pointed out Farringford, a cheerful grey country

mansion, with a small thick-grassed park before it, a grove behind, and beyond all, the deep shoulder of the chalk downs, a gap in which, at Freshwater, showed the dark blue horizon of the Channel. Leaving my luggage at one of the two little inns, I walked to the house with lines from "Maud" chiming in my mind. "The dry-tongued laurel" shone glossily in the sun, the cedar "sighed for Lebanon" on the lawn, and "the liquid azure bloom of a crescent of sea" glimmered afar.

'I had not been two minutes in the drawing-room before Tennyson walked in. So unlike are the published portraits of him that I was almost in doubt as to his identity. The engraved head suggests a moderate stature, but he is tall and broad-shouldered as a son of Anak, with hair, beard, and eyes of southern darkness. Something in the lofty brow and aquiline nose suggests Dante, but such a deep, mellow chest-voice never could have come from Italian lungs.

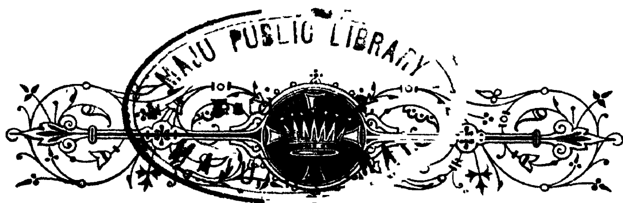
'He proposed a walk, as the day was wonderfully clear and beautiful. We climbed the steep combe of the chalk cliff, and slowly wandered westward until we reached the Needles,

at the extremity of the island, and some three or four miles distant from his residence. During the conversation with which we beguiled the way, I was struck with the variety of his knowledge. Not a little flower on the downs, which the sheep had spared, escaped his notice, and the geology of the coast, both terrestrial and submarine, were perfectly familiar to him. I thought of a remark which I once heard from the lips of a distinguished English author,[1] that Tennyson was the wisest man he knew, and could well believe that he was sincere in making it.

'I shall respect the sanctity of the delightful family circle to which I was admitted, and from which I parted the next afternoon with true regret. Suffice it to say that the poet is not only fortunate and happy in his family relations, but that, with his large and liberal nature, his sympathies for what is true and noble in humanity, and his depth and tenderness of feeling, he deserves to be so.'

At the Commemoration of 1855 Mr. Tennyson had the degree of D.C.L. conferred by Oxford University.

[1] Thackeray.—Ed.



CHAPTER X.

'THE IDYLLS OF THE KING.'

MR. TENNYSON'S most successful work, so far at least as its immediate effect is concerned, is perhaps the 'Idylls of the King.' The Arthurian legends have seemed to many a fit theme for an epic poem. Mr. Tennyson has wisely chosen to construct not an epic, but a series of idylls. When little more than a boy he first chanced upon a copy of Malory's 'King Arthur:' the story kindled his enthusiasm, and the vision of a great poem rose before him. Schemes for its treatment are said to be still extant, and to show the tenacity of his purpose. So early as 1832 he published the first version of 'The Lady of Shalott,' a story afterwards treated in 'Elaine.' In 1842 there appeared the 'Morte d'Arthur,' professing to be one rescued book out of a destroyed epic, and

'Sir Galahad,' 'Sir Lancelot,' and 'Queen Guinevere.' At last, in July 1859, appeared 'Idylls of the King.' These idylls had been privately circulated before, and were read with great delight by Macaulay and Clough. In 1870 'The Holy Grail and other Poems' was issued, containing four new idylls—'The Coming of Arthur,' 'The Holy Grail,' 'Pelleas and Ettarre,' and 'The Passing of Arthur.' In the *Contemporary Review* for December 1871 appeared 'The Last Tournament,' and in 1872 'Gareth and Lynette,' completing the work. That Mr. Tennyson's poems suffered from their piecemeal publication can hardly be doubted. Those who read the poems in completeness understand much better their unity and the march of their tragic story. But, even as it was, they received a wide and warm welcome, and were recognised as an accession of no small importance to the classical literature of England, and as their author's greatest poetical effort. Amongst their warmest admirers was the Prince Consort, who wrote to Mr. Tennyson requesting him to inscribe his name in a copy. Ten thousand copies were sold in about six weeks, and a new edition was issued in 1862 contain-

ing a dedication to the memory of the Prince Consort. With this exception the edition was an almost exact reprint of the former. In the library edition in six volumes published in 1872, some fine passages are introduced, including the noble song 'Blow, Trumpet, for the World is white with May,' and the passage beginning—

'For another march to west-ward, Bedivere,
Who slowly paced among the slumb'ring host,
Heard in his tent the moanings of the King,'

and also the noble epilogue to the Queen.

To read the idylls intelligently it is necessary first to compare them with their sources, and we quote a few passages which will aid the reader.

The following passage from 'Popular Romances of the Middle Ages' may be compared with 'Gareth and Lynette' from the line

'Last, Gareth leaning both hands heavily'

to

'And sleeker shall he shine than any hog.'

'King Arthur was holding high festival when there came into the hall two men on whose shoulders there leaned the fairest and goodliest

youth that ever man saw, as though of himself he could not walk. When they reached the dais, the youth prayed God to bless the King and all his fair fellowship of the Round Table. "And now I pray thee, grant me three gifts, which I seek not against reason; the one of these I will ask thee now, and the other two when twelve months have come round." "Ask," said Arthur, "and ye shall have your asking." "Then," answered the youth, "I will that ye give me meat and drink for a year." And though the King bade him ask something better, yet would he not; and Arthur said, "Meat and drink enough shalt thou have; for that I never stinted to friend or foe. But what is thy name?" "That I cannot tell," said the youth. "Strange," said the King, "that thou shouldst not know thy name, and thou the goodliest youth that ever mine eyes have seen." Then the King gave him in charge to Sir Kay, who scorned him because he had asked so mean a gift. "Since he has no name," said Sir Kay, "I will call him Pretty-hands, and into the kitchen shall he go, and there have fat brose, so that at the year's end he shall be fat as a pork hog."

With the passage in 'Enid,' commencing:—

'So fared it with Geraint, who issuing forth
That morning when they both had got to horse,' etc.

Mr. Shepherd compares the following from Lady Charlotte Guest's translation of the Welsh 'Mabinogion:'—

'Then went Geraint to the place where his horse was, and it was equipped with foreign armour, heavy and shining. And he desired Enid to mount her horse, and to ride forward, and to keep a long way before him. "And whatever thou mayest see, and whatever thou mayest hear concerning me," said he, "do not thou turn back. And unless I speak unto thee say not thou one word either." And they set forward. And he did not choose the pleasantest and most frequented road, but that which was the wildest and most beset by thieves and robbers and venomous animals. And they came to a high road, which they followed till they saw a vast forest, and they went towards it, and they saw four armed horsemen come forth out of the forest. When they had beheld them, one of them said to the other, "Behold, here is a

good occasion for us to capture two horses and armour, and a lady likewise; for this we shall have no difficulty in doing against yonder single knight, who hangs his head so pensively and heavily." And Enid heard this discourse, and she knew not what she should do through fear of Geraint, who had told her to be silent. "The vengeance of Heaven be upon me," she said, "if I would not rather receive my death from his hand than from the hand of any other; and though he should slay me, yet will I speak to him, lest I should have the misery to witness his death." So she waited for Geraint until he came near to her. "Lord," said she, "did'st thou hear the words of these men concerning thee?" Then he lifted up his voice and looked at her angrily. "Thou hadst only," said he, "to hold thy peace as I bade thee. I wish but for silence and not for warning."'

With the passage in 'The Holy Grail' commencing

'And all at once as there we sat we heard,'

may be compared the following from 'Popular Romances of the Middle Ages:'—

'In the evening when they had prayed in the

great minster, and as the knights sat each in his own place, they heard cracking of thunder as though the hall would be riven through; and in the midst of the crashing and darkness a light entered, clearer by seven times than ever they saw by day, and all were alighted of the grace of the Holy Ghost; and as each knight looked on his fellows, behold all was fairer than any on whom their eyes had ever rested yet. But all sat dumb, and in the still silence came the Holy Grail, covered with white samite, that none might see it, or the hand which bare it; and with it came all sweet odours, and each knight had such food and drink as he loved best in the world; and then the holy vessel was borne away, they knew not whither. Then were their tongues loosed, and the king gave thanks for that which they had seen. But Sir Gawaine said, "We have had this day all that our hearts would wish, but we might not see the Holy Grail, so heedfully was it covered; and, therefore, now I vow with the morrow's morn to depart hence in quest of the holy vessel, and never to return until I have seen it more openly; and if I may not achieve this, I shall come back as one that may not win against the will of God."'

It is necessary, besides, to understand the allegorical meaning which has been authoritatively declared to belong to the poems. Mr. Tennyson has aimed at exhibiting the spiritual secret of the divine and militant kingliness, which alone makes man free, and the story of its gradual rejection by the world of sense and passion. In our exposition we follow mainly the commentary of Dean Alford on the edition of the 'Idylls' published in 1869.[1] The King figures forth the highest soul of man in its purity, justice, nobleness, and self-denial. In his coming, his foundation of the Round Table, his struggles, disappointments, and departure we see the conflict continually maintained between the spirit and the flesh. In the issue we recognise the overbearing of pure and lofty purposes by the lust of the flesh. 'The Coming of Arthur' describes the state of the land before he came, the divine influence of the King over the knights, their earnest sadness of swearing fealty to him, their receiving a momentary likeness of him, the three heavenly colours coming from the crucified One and falling on the three

[1] See also 'The Meaning of King Arthur'—*Contemporary Review*, May 1873.

Queens, representing the three heavenly virtues—faith, hope, and charity. We have the King supported by the three great Christian virtues, counselled by wisdom and armed by justice, setting forth on his great career, inspiring and making like to himself by momentary emotion those who are to be his followers.

The conscience is now lord of the life. The inner soul is pure, the resolves for good high and firm, but disturbing forces soon break in, and the succeeding Idylls describe these forces in their conflict with the higher soul. The pure mind, the high resolve are broken in upon by the body and its passions. For example, in 'Geraint' and 'Enid' we have the setting forth of the disturbance of pure and holy trust by a storm of passionate suspicion. In 'Vivien' we see the vast wit and hundred wonders of Merlin taken captive and buried by the wiles of earthly passion. In 'Elaine' the great crime comes to light and bears bitter fruit. This poem shows us the apples of Sodom, which are the fruit of unholy lust overbearing the higher soul. 'The Holy Grail' points to the time when pure resolve and practical following of Him who is Lord of

the conscience are displaced by the tempting disease of superstition. Putting on the very semblance of the holiest ends, and appealing to parodied and exaggerated motives, dreams become substitutes for a higher and better life. 'Pelleas and Ettarre' show the very height of the corruption of the soul. All the purity and high honour of the soul are stained. 'Guinevere' shows the beauty and glory of the past all shattered and spent. 'The Passing of Arthur' shows the highest soul of man sinking in the mist of death, but at evening time there is light, and the end is glory. We may mention that while of the 'Idylls of the King,' published in 1859, only ten thousand copies were sold in six weeks, of 'The Holy Grail and other Poems,' published in December 1869, no fewer than forty thousand copies were ordered in advance. A few additional points may be noted.

1. The seasons of the year are set before us turn by turn. In 'The Coming of Arthur' we have the marriage season of spring; the early summer of the honeysuckle in 'Gareth;' the mowing season of 'Geraint,' and the sudden summer thunder-shower of 'Vivien;' the full

summer of 'Elaine'—oriel casements standing wide for heat; the sweep of equinoctial storms and broken weather of 'The Holy Grail.' Then the autumn roses of 'Pelleas;' and the close of autumn tide in 'The Last Tournament.' In 'Guinevere' the mists of coming winter; in 'The Passing of Arthur' 'deep mid-winter on the frozen hills'—and the end of all that day when the pure light of heaven burned at his lowest in the rolling year.

2. The *Contemporary* critic (May 1873) calls attention to the proportion kept throughout between the fashion of the language employed and the matter which it conveys. It rises and falls very naturally with the nature of the subject. The first and last idylls have a distinctly more grave, elevated, and monumental character than the body of the work, because they dive into the more striking awfulnesses of birth and death, while in the poems of the Round Table we move in and out among the things of men.

3. The same critic also notes the consummate art with which the irregularities of the versification, while they break up or prevent all monotony, are almost invariably introduced

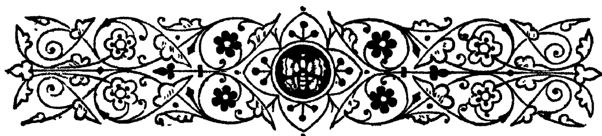
where they help the meaning as much as the music. For example—

'Then would he whistle rapid as any lark.'

'Blustering upon them like a sudden wind.'

'Would hurry thither, and when he saw the night.'

'Thy promise, king, and Arthur glancing at him.'



CHAPTER XI.

'ENOCH ARDEN' AND LATER POEMS.

R. TENNYSON'S reputation probably never stood higher than when in August 1864 he published 'Enoch Arden.' The announcement of a new volume of poems by him was like the announcement of a new story by the author of 'Waverley' forty years before. Readers were assured not only that their own intellectual pleasures were being enlarged, but that a legacy was being bequeathed to their posterity.

'Enoch Arden' is a story which would have well suited the genius of Crabbe, and might have supplied him with another tale of the Borough. But Mr. Tennyson was able not only to discriminate outward circumstances, but to reveal inward and spiritual difference, and his genius was equally competent to describe the

cool, grave aspect of the English fishing-town and the broad fierce splendour of the tropical island. According to many of his critics, dramatic power was conspicuous in 'Enoch Arden,' and in the story which followed it of 'Aylmer's Field.' The same rich volume contained 'Sea Dreams,' originally published in *Macmillan*; 'The Grandmother,' and 'The Northern Farmer'—written in the Lincolnshire dialect, and remarkable not only for pathos and humour, but also as being one of the most curious and perfect samples of provincial English. Lincolnshire people say that it is a Yorkshire farmer, and not one of Lincoln, that is depicted in the book.

'Enoch Arden' was enthusiastically received, and translated into French and German. In 1867 Professor Selwyn published a Latin rendering.

The *Athenæum* for January 14, 1865, contained the following paragraph:—'Sir Alfred Tennyson is, we believe, the new style of our Poet Laureate. The Queen has tendered the choice honour to the great poet—an offering from the heart not to be denied, not to be postponed—and the great poet has accepted

her Majesty's gift in the spirit in which it was offered to his acceptance. Sir Alfred is the first Laureate who has been actually created a baronet, for the same mark of royal favour made to Southey through Sir Robert Peel was declined on other grounds than those of merit or ambition. But the list of literary baronets is growing strong, Lytton, Lyell, and Tennyson being worthy successors to Sir Walter Scott.' In spite of this emphatic announcement, Mr. Tennyson did not become Sir Alfred. But the *Athenæum* affirmed that its information was precise, and that her Majesty did certainly desire to confer some mark of favour on the Laureate.

In 1865, Mr. Tennyson was a successful candidate for admission into the Royal Society.

Messrs. Moxon published in 1865 a selection from Mr. Tennyson's poems, containing several new pieces. In 1867, Sir Ivor Bertie Guest published, at his private printing press, a series of twelve songs, entitled, 'The Window; or the Song of the Wrens.' These were not given to the public until the end of 1870, when they appeared considerably altered, with music by Mr. Sullivan.

Mr. Strahan, who became Mr. Tennyson's publisher, enlisted the Laureate as a contributor to *Good Words*. A little poem, entitled '1865-66,' and beginning—

'I stood on a tower in the wet,'

was so much parodied and ridiculed, that Mr. Tennyson's contributions were abruptly cut short. This poem has never been reprinted, although Dr. George MacDonald, no mean judge, speaks highly of its workmanship.

In 1869 Mr. Tennyson was elected an honorary fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. The fellows had previously subscribed for his bust by Woolner, which they have placed in the vestibule of their library.



CHAPTER XII.

MR. TENNYSON AS A DRAMATIST.

MR. TENNYSON'S last, and least successful, long poems are his Dramas, of which 'Queen Mary' was published in 1875, and 'Harold' in 1877. These works have been variously and on the whole severely criticised. When 'Queen Mary' was published, it was felt that Mr. Tennyson had made a perilous adventure in seeking strange laurels so late in life. It was felt also that he was tempting a difficult comparison between himself and Mr. Swinburne; and, besides, many good judges thought that the life and death of Mary Tudor did not contain the stuff of a tragedy at all. Mr. Matthew Arnold had already declared that the situations from which no poetical enjoyment could be derived were those in which the suffering finds no vent in

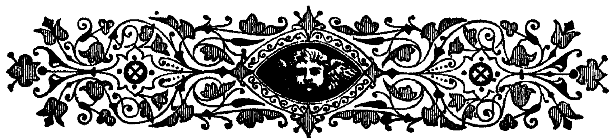
action—in which a continual strain of mental distress is unrelieved by incident, hope, or resistance—in which there is everything to be endured, nothing to be done. In such situations there is something morbid, and in their description something monotonous. Mary Tudor's history is a monotonous and continuous distress, broken for a moment by hope of child-bearing. The suffering finds no vent in action. Mr. Tennyson, it was thought, failed in getting dramatic passion and incident into the story of the Queen; but it was admitted by the best judges that in parts the drama was admirably executed, and contained elaborate and masterly portraits.

'Harold' was a far more thoroughly dramatic subject. While 'Queen Mary' had little action, 'Harold' is all action—a history play in the strict sense of the phrase, a real drama in its continuity of motion and its conduct of a series of events to one decisive issue. The character drawing, according to Mr. Symonds, is, from want of an opportunity, less delicate and subtle than that in 'Queen Mary.' According to the same critic, the dramatic genius of the poet is best shown in tracing the primitive truth-loving

temper of Harold's character, and the slow action of policy, passion, and circumstance upon it. The blank verse, with all its clear vigour, was thought to lack the variety, rapidity, and spontaneity found in the best dramatic writers. These dramas were on the whole coldly received by the public, and when acted on the stage had but a partial success. Yet the poet is said to value them more highly than any of his works, and so good a judge as Walt Whitman has expressed warm admiration of Queen Mary.

'Harold' is dedicated to Lord Lytton, then Viceroy of India. Mr. Tennyson says that after old-world records, Freeman's *Norman Conquest* and Bulwer Lytton's *Harold* had been mainly helpful to him. 'Your father dedicated his Harold to my father's brother; allow me to dedicate my Harold to yourself.' Bulwer Lytton in the preface to a new and magnificent edition of King Arthur, had remarked, 'in deference to the fame of an illustrious contemporary,' that he had never anticipated that Mr. Tennyson would take up the same subject as himself; and that since it has turned out otherwise, he is thankful that

his view-point was so different. 'That I may claim one merit rare in those who come after him, I have filled no pitchers from fountains hallowed by himself.' These incidents do credit to both the eminent men concerned.



CHAPTER XIII.

OBSCURE PASSAGES.

R. TENNYSON has set his face against notes, and the subtlety of his thoughts as well as the richness of his allusions sometimes makes his style difficult. Some years ago, according to *The Academy*, it was proposed to issue an annotated edition of his poems, but nothing has been heard of the project lately. In the meantime, it is believed the following notes will be found useful by many. The greater part of them is derived from *Notes and Queries*.

'Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love.'

This means that the poet hates hate, loves love, and scorns scorn. It would hardly have been worth while to put this down had it not

been that Frederick Robertson of Brighton interprets it as meaning that the poet is hated by hate, loved by love, and scorned by scorn. Doubtless his own circumstances at Brighton influenced the interpretation.

‘So old, that twenty years before, a part
Falling had let appear the brand of John.’

Aylmer's Field.

A Brigg correspondent of *Notes and Queries* says that he has a bit of oak with the two letters I. R. cut or branded directly across the grain of the wood. Attached is a paper label inscribed as follows:—‘This piece of wood was found in an oak tree fifteen inches below the bark and contains the initials of King John, who died at Newark six hundred years ago.’

‘The bar of Michael Angelo.’

In Memoriam.

Condivi says his forehead was square, and that seen in profile it projected almost beyond the nose.

'Cycle of Cathay.'
Locksley Hall.

Cycle here is used as meaning the great year or Platonic cycle, in which all the stars and constellations return to their former places in respect of the equinoxes.

'Her who clasp'd in her last trance
Her murdered father's head.'
Dream of Fair Women.

Margaret Roper, daughter of Sir T. More, got his head taken from London Bridge, kept it as a sacred relic, and was buried with that object of fondness in her arms.

'Before the crimson-circled star
Had fall'n into her father's grave.
In Memoriam.

means before the planet Venus had sunk into the sea. Venus sprang from the foam of the ocean, into which her father was thrown.

'I hold it true with him who sings,' etc.
In Memoriam.

Who this singer is has hardly been decided. Various claimants have been put forward, of whom the most likely seems to be Shelley; see *Revolt of Islam*, xii. 17. Queen Mab at the end, etc. I should be glad to have further light on this subject.

'This is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrows is rememb'ring things.—*Locksley Hall.*

DANTE, *Inferno*, v. 121.

In 'Daniel Deronda' George Eliot actually quoted these lines as from *In Memoriam* (!)

'Curlews call . . . gleaming about the moorland.'
Locksley Hall.

This bold expression is illustrated by Sophocles:

ἔλαμψε ἀρτίως φανεῖσα φάμα.

Compare βοὰ πρέπει.—PINDAR.

'Lord of Burleigh.'

This ballad is said to be founded on the romantic marriage of a Marquis of Exeter with his second wife, Miss Huggins.

Illustrated London News.
16th November 1844.

'"Dare we dream of that," I asked,' etc.
The Princess.

Dare we dream of the god who made us as a finite creature requiring practice to make him perfect.

'She to me
Was proxy-wedded with a bootless calf.'
The Princess.

See Lord Bacon's History of Henry VII. for an account of a marriage by proxy between Maximilian, King of the Romans, and Queen Anne of Brittany.

'The rough kex break.'
The Princess.

Kex is the provincial word for hemlock.

'Carve the living hound,
And cram him with the fragments of the grave.'
The Princess.

This refers, of course, to vivisection, and the practice of feeding dogs with the refuse of the dissecting-room. Mr. Tennyson has signed a petition to Parliament against vivisection.

'The charm of married brows.'
Œnone.

Meeting eyebrows.

The 'grig' in *The Brook* means the cricket.

The 'sea-blue bird of March' is the kingfisher.

'The oiled and curled Assyrian Bull.'
Maud.

This Mr. Bayne considers one of the crudest lines Tennyson ever penned. It is grotesque without being expressive, and has neither true facetiousness nor cutting satire, nor imaginative appropriateness nor fanciful aptness. The last

thing the 'wingèd beast from Nineveh' suggests is a dandy. Rossetti has entered into the spirit of the creature very differently:—

'A human face the creature wore,
And hoofs behind and hoofs before,
And flanks with dark runes fretted o'er,
'Twas bull, 'twas mitred Minotaur.'

Section XXXIX. of *In Memoriam* beginning 'Old warder of these buried bones' is a late addition, and one of the most obscure parts of the poem. It is thus commented on by Mr. Bayne:—'These verses have an interest as illustrating Tennyson's minute attention to natural facts—an attention almost too minute to be followed by ordinary observers. That a smoke-like dust rises from yew foliage in spring when struck with a stick—that flower feels after flower in the golden springtime of love—that the bloom of the yew is a kindling of the tips as with fine emerald flame, which darkens again into the deep black green of the plant's perpetual mourning—are the facts which he weaves into the symbolism of the poem: and I suppose he means sorrow to exult over the tree as brighten-

ing but for a very little time, and then passing 'into gloom again.' This may be admirable in respect of truth to nature, and may afford high delight to those who regard it as the perfection of poetry to give play to endless subtlety in the interpretation of imagery into ethics and emotion, but I think the lines abstruse to a fault.'



CHAPTER XIV.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.

MR. TENNYSON has already had his critics and commentators, and some results of their labour are to be found in the following pages. Among the sources drawn upon are chiefly *Notes and Queries*; Mr. Comyns Carr in the *Cornhill Magazine*; and Mr. R. H. Shepherd's *Tennysoniana*. In the last-named work will be found an elaborate comparison between *In Memoriam* and Shakespeare's Sonnets.

'Strong Son of God, Immortal Love,

. . . . .

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
Thou madest Life in man and brute;
Thou madest Death; and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which Thou hast made.'

In Memoriam.

'Immortal Love, Author of this great frame,
Sprung from that beauty which can never fade,
How hath men parcelled out Thy glorious name,
And thrown it on the dust which Thou hast made.'

HERBERT, *Love.*

'The far-off interest of tears.'

In Memoriam.

'Many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye
As interest of the dead,' etc.

SHAKESPEARE, *Sonnet* 31.

'And Thou hast made him: Thou art just.'

In Memoriam.

'And God has promised: He is just.'

HERBERT, *The Discharge.*

'Our little systems have their day,

. . . . .

And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.'

In Memoriam.

'Lord, though we change, Thou art the same.'

HERBERT, *Whit-Sunday.*

'My feet are set
To leave the pleasant fields and farms.'

In Memoriam.

'Dulcia linquimus arva.'

VIRGIL, *Eclogue* I.

'But fetch the wine,
Arrange the board, and brim the glass;

. . . . .

Bring in great logs and let them lie,
To make a solid core of heat.'

In Memoriam.

'Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco
Large reponens; atque benignius
Deprome quadrimum Sabina.'

HORACE, *Odes*, I. 9.

'In Memoriam' CXIV. may be compared with the following passage:—

'Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have ofttimes no connection: Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which Wisdom builds,
Till smooth'd, and squared, and fitted to its place,
Does but encumber when it should enrich.
Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.'

COWPER, *Task*, VI. 88-99.

'Never morning wore
To evening but some heart did break.'

In Memoriam.

'Nec nox ulla diem neque noctem Aurora secuta est
Quae non audierit mixtos vagitibus aegris
Ploratus.' LUCRETIUS.

'In shadowy thoroughfares of thought.'
In Memoriam.

Πολλὰς δ' ὁδοὺς ἐλθόντα φροντίδος πλάνοις.
SOPHOCLES.

'My darken'd ways
Shall ring with music all the same;
To breathe my loss is more than fame,
To utter love more sweet than praise.'
In Memoriam.

'E certo ogni mio studio in quel temp' era
Pur di sfogare il doloroso core
In qualche modo, non d'acquistar fama.
Pianger cercai, non già del pianto onore.'
PETRARCH, Sonnet, *In Morte di Laura*, XXV.

''Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.'
In Memoriam.

''Tis better to have been left than never to have been loved.'
CONGREVE, *Way of the World.*

'It is better to love wisely, no doubt, but to love foolishly is better than not to be able to love at all.'

THACKERAY, *Pendennis.*

'He who for love has undergone
The worst that can befall,
Is happier thousand-fold than one
Who never loved at all;
A grace within his soul has reigned
Which nothing else can bring,
Thank God for all that I have gained
By that high suffering!'

LORD HOUGHTON.

'The slow sweet hours that bring us all things good,
The slow sad hours that bring us all things ill,
And all good things from evil.'

Love and Duty.

βάρδισται μακάρων, Ὧραι φίλαι, ἀλλὰ ποθειναὶ
ἔρχονται, πάντεσσι βροτοῖσιν ἀεί τι φοροῖσαι.

THEOCRITUS, Idyll XV. 104-5.

'The summer night, that paused
Among her stars to hear us; stars that hung
Love-charmed to listen: all the wheels of Time
Spun round in station, but the end had come.'

Love and Duty.

'The galaxy display'd
Her fires, that like mysterious pulses beat
Aloft—momentous but uneasy bliss;
To their full hearts the universe seemed hung
On that brief meeting's slender filament.'

WORDSWORTH.

'For so the whole round world is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.'

Passing of Arthur.

'This is the golden chain of love, whereby the whole creation is bound to the throne of the Creator.'

ARCHDEACON HARE'S *Sermon on the Law of Self-Sacrifice.*

'His memory long will live alone
In all our hearts, as mournful light
That broods above the fallen sun,
And dwells in heaven.'

Verses to J. S.

'If I fall
I shall be like myself; a setting sun
Should leave a track of glory in the skies.'

DRYDEN'S *Don Sebastian.*

'The cynical aspiration,' writes Mr. Comyns Carr, 'of the young hero in 'Locksley Hall,' that he might "burst all links of habit," "take some savage woman who should rear his dusky race," be mated with a squalid savage, so get more enjoyment than he could hope for in the march of mind, finds a curious parallel in Beaumont's *Philaster*, Act iv., scene 2:—

"Oh that I had been nourished in the woods,
. . . . . and not known
The right of crowns, nor the dissembling trains
Of women's looks . . .

And then had taken in some mountain girl
Beaten with winds, that might have strewed
my bed
With leaves and reeds, and have borne at
her big breasts
My large coarse issue. This had been a life
Free from vexation." '

'You scarce could see the grass for flowers.'
Two Voices.

'Ye may not see for peeping flowers the grass.'
GEORGE PEELE, *The Arraignment of Paris.*

'What this may be, I know not, but I know
That whereso'er I am by night and day,
All earth and air seem only burning fire.'
Œnone.

'The heaven o'er my head seems made of
molten brass,
The earth of flaming sulphur.'
JOHN WEBSTER, *Duchess of Malfi.*

'Now the noon-day quiet holds the hill.'

Œnone.

μεσαμβρινὰ δ' εἶχ' ὄρος ἁσυχία.

CALLIMACHUS, *Lavacrum Palladis.*

'Saxon, or Dane, or Norman are we,
Teuton or Celt, or whatever we be,
We are each of us Dane in our welcome of thee!'

Welcome to Alexandra.

'Vox diversa sonat populorum, est vox tamen una,
Cum verus patriae diceris esse pater.'

MARTIAL, *De Spectaculis.*

'Such an one do I remember whom to look at was to love.'

Locksley Hall.

'But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love for ever.'

BURNS.

'So we move ourselves, or are we moved
by an unseen man at a game,
That pushes us off from the board, and
others ever succeed.'

Maud.

'Impotent pieces of the game he plays
Upon this cheque-board of nights and days.
. . . . .
And one by one back in the closet lays.'

FITZGERALD'S Version of the
Rubaiyât of Omar.

'The world was never made;
It will change, but it will not fade.'

Nothing will die.

'I change, but I cannot die.'

SHELLEY'S *Cloud.*

A writer in the *British Quarterly* for October 1880 relates that he had been told that, when the Laureate was at Cambridge, a friend of his

own age and set delivered a speech at the Cambridge Union, which made at the time a profound impression. But few of the enthusiastic boys who heard it could have supposed, even in the wildest flights of admiration, that their orator's thoughts and many of his words would live as long as the English language in the form of the fine stanzas: 'You ask me, why, though ill at ease;' 'Of old sat Freedom on the heights;' and 'Love thou thy Land.'

The same writer mentions as a curious instance of the range and versatility of Mr. Tennyson's reading, and of his retentive memory, that he has adapted passages from Crofton Croker's 'Irish Legends,' and fitted them into the Arthurian story. Thus the little maid's account in 'Guinevere' of the gladness of 'spirits and men, before the coming of a sinful queen,' 'how the fairies came dashing down upon a wayside flower,' how, 'down in the cellar many bloated things shouldered the spigot, straddling on the butts while the wine ran,' are taken from two of the tales in Croker's collection, published in 1825; and no doubt the delight of Mr. Tennyson in his youth, as it has been of so many young people since. The same volume

was also pressed into the service of one of the earlier Idylls, 'Walking to the Mail,' where the story of the farmer who intended changing house because of a ghost, but remained when he found the ghost meant to go too, is slightly altered from the legend of Cluricaune.

'On hollow shades enclosing hearts of flame.'

Palace of Art.

'Soliman raised his hands toward heaven in token of supplication, and the Caliph discerned through his bosom, which was transparent as crystal, his heart enveloped in flames.'

BECKFORD'S *Vathek.*

'Shall not Love,
As in the Latin song we learnt at school,
Sneeze out a full God-bless-you right?'

Edwin Morris, or The Lake.

'Hoc ut dixit, Amor, sinistram ut ante
Sentiens sternuit approbationem.'

CATULLUS.

'The laws of marriage charactered
Upon the blanched tablets of her heart.
ISABEL.

ἣν ἐγγράφου σὺ μνήμοσιν δέλτοις φρενῶν.
ÆSCHYLUS, *Prometheus*.

Within the red-leaved tablets of her heart.'
HEYWOOD, *Woman killed with kindness*.

'Large Hesper glittered on her tear.'
Mariana in the South.

'No light
Could glimmer on their tears.'
KEATS, *Hyperion*.

His sons grew up that bear his name,
Some grew to honour, some to shame,
But he is chill to praise or blame.'
The Two Voices.

'His sons come to honour, and he knoweth not; and they are brought low, but he perceiveth it not.'

JOB, Chap. XIV.

'Moreover, something is or seems,
That touches me with mystic gleams,
Like glimpses of forgotten dreams—
Of something felt, like something here;
Of something done, I know not where.'

The Two Voices.

'But there's a tree, of many, one,
A single field which I have looked upon;
Both of them speak of something that is gone.
A pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat,
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?'

WORDSWORTH, *Ode to Immortality.*

'All things have rest, why should we toil alone?

. . . . .

Death is the end of life; ah, why
Should life all labour be?'

The Lotos-Eaters.

ὁππόσα τοὶ δειλοὶ καματώδεες ἔργα πονεῦμες,
ψυχὰν δ' ἄχρι τίνος ποτὶ κέρδεα καὶ ποτὶ τέχνας
βάλλομες, ἱμείροντες ἀεὶ πολὺ πλείονος, ὄλβω ;
λαθόμεθ' ἦ ἄρα πάντες, ὅτι θνατοὶ γενόμεσθα
χὡς βραχὺν ἐκ Μοίρας λάχομες χρόνον.

BION, Idyll IV.

'Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?

. . . . .

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,

. . . . .

To watch the emerald-colour'd water falling
Through many a woven acanthus-wreath divine!
Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath the pine.'

The Lotos-Eaters.

καὶ πόνος ἐστὶ θάλασσα . . .
αὐτὰρ ἐμοὶ γλυκὺς ὕπνος ὑπὸ πλατάνῳ βαθυφύλλῳ,
καὶ παγᾶς φιλ' ἐμοὶ τᾶς ἐγγύθεν ἆχον ἀκούειν,
ἃ τέρπει ψοφέοισα τὸν ἄγριον, οὐχὶ ταράσσει.

MOSCHUS, Idyll V.

'’Tis only noble to be good.'
Lady Clara Vere de Vere.

ὃς ἂν εὖ γεγονὼς ᾖ τῇ φύσει πρὸς τἀγαθὰ
κἂν Αἴθιοψ ᾖ, μῆτερ, ἔστιν εὐγενής.
MENANDER.

'E gentilezza dovunque virtute
Ma non virtute ov' ella.'
DANTE, *Convito.*

'Saw God divide the night with flying flame.'
Dream of Fair Women.

'Diespiter
Igni corusco nubila dividens.'
HORACE, *Odes*, I. 34.

'But I rose up
Full of his bliss, and following her dark eyes,
Felt earth as air beneath me.'
The Gardener's Daughter.

'I am sublimed. Gross earth
Supports me not, I walk on air.'
MASSINGER, *City Madam.*

'As the husband is, the wife is.'

Locksley Hall.

'Know that the rank of the man rates that
of his wife.'

SCOTT'S *Abbot.*

'Love took up the glass of time, and turned
it in its glowing hands;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in
golden sands.'

Locksley Hall.

'Thy eye with clear account remarks
The ebbing of Time's glass,
When all its sands are diamond sparks,
That dazzle as they pass.'

W. R. SPENCER.

'This is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remem-
bering happier things.'

Locksley Hall.

'Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria.'

DANTE.

'Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of love.'
Œnone.

'Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.'
SHAKESPEARE, *Henry VI.*, *Part* II.,
Act ii.

'A wind arose and rushed upon the South,
And shook the songs, the whispers, and the shrieks
Of the wild woods together; and a voice
Went with it. Follow—follow—thou shalt win.'
The Princess.

'A wind arose among the pines, and shook
The clinging music from their boughs, and then
Low, sweet, faint sounds, like the farewell of ghosts
Were heard—O follow, follow me!'
SHELLEY.

'As when a field of corn
Bows all its ears before the roaring East.'
The Princess.

ὡς δ' ὅτε κινήσῃ Ζέφυρος βαθὺ λήϊον, ἐλθὼν
λάβρος ἐπαιγίζων, ἐπί τ' ἠμύει ἀσταχύεσσιν.
HOMER, *Iliad* II. 147-8.

'Stared with great eyes and laughed with
open lips.'

The Princess.

οἱ δ' ἤδη γναθμοῖσι γελῴων ἀλλοτρίοισιν.

Odyssey XX. 347.

'As one that climbs a peak to gaze
O'er land and main, and sees a great black
cloud
Drag onward from the deeps, a wall of night
Blot out the slope of sea from verge to shore,
And quenching lake by lake, and tarn by
tarn,
Expunge the world.'

The Princess.

*ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀπὸ σκοπιῆς εἶδε νέφος αἰπόλος ἀνὴρ,
ἐρχόμενον κατὰ πόντον ὑπὸ Ζεφύροιο ἰωῆς.
τῷ δέ τ' ἄνευθεν ἐόντι, μελάντερον ἠΰτε πίσσα,
φαίνετ' ἰὸν κατὰ πόντον, ἄγει δέ τε λαίλαπα
πολλήν.*

HOMER, *Iliad* IV. 275-8.

'Bland the smile that, like a wrinkling wind
On glassy water, drove his cheek in lines.'

The Princess.

'O'er the vision wan
Of Athanase, a ruffling atmosphere
Of dark emotion, a *swift shadow* ran
Like wind upon some forest-bosomed lake
Glassy and dark.'

SHELLEY, *Prince Athanase.*

'He has a solid base of temperament,
But as the water-lily starts and slides
Upon the level in little puffs of wind,
Though anchored to the bottom—such is he.'

The Princess.

'And, like the water-lily, lives and thrives,
Whose root is fixed in stable earth, whose
head
Floats on the tossing waves."

WORDSWORTH, *Excursion.*

'This dull chrysalis
Cracks with shining wings.'

St. Simeon Stylites.

'The soul . . .
Broke the outward shell of sin
And so was hatched a cherubin.'

CAREW.

'Who seems a promontory of rock
That, compass'd round with turbulent sound,
In middle ocean meets the surging shock,
Tempest-buffeted.' *Will.*

'Ille velut rupes, vastum quae prodit in acquor,
Obvia ventorum furiis expostaque ponto,
Vim cunctam atque minas perfert coelique marisque
Ipsa immota manens.'

VIRGIL, *Aeneid*, x. 693.

'Looking wistfully . . .
As in a picture.'

Morte d'Arthur.

ἔβαλλ' ἕκαστον
ἀπ' ὄμματος βέλε, φιλοίκτῳ
πρέπουσά θ' ὡς ἐν γραφαῖς.

AESCHYLUS, *Agamemnon.*

'Hear it, Gods! the Gods have heard it, O Icenian, O Coritanian!
Doubt not ye the Gods have answer'd, Catieuchlanian, Trinobant.

. . . . .

Thine the North and thine the South and
thine the battle-thunder of God.'

Boadicea.

Nulla palam causa, delapsum Camuloduni simulacrum Victoriae, ac retro conversum, quasi cederet hostibus. Et foeminae in furorem turbatae, adesse exitium, canebant . . . visamque speciem in aestuario Tamesae subversae coloniae: jam Oceanus cruento aspectu, in sicco labente aestu humanorum corporum effigies, strepitum et clamorem tot milium. Adesse deos justae vindictae. Boadicea curru prae se vehens, ut quamque nationem accesserat, etc.

TACITUS, *Ann.* XIV. 32.

'She fear'd
In every wavering brake an ambuscade.'

Enid.

'Et motae ad lunam trepidabis arundinis
umbram.'

JUVENAL, *Sat.* X. 21.

'Like a shoal
Of darting fish, that on a summer morn

. . . . . .

Come slipping o'er their shadows on the sand,
But if a man who stands upon the brink
But lift a shining hand against the sun,
There is not left the twinkle of a fin.'

Enid.

'When swarms of minnows
. . . ever nestle
Their silver bellies on the pebbly sand;
If you but scantily hold out the hand,
That very instant not one will remain.'

KEATS.

'In her right hand the lily

. . . . . .

All her bright hair streaming down
. . . . . . And she herself in white,
All but her face, and that clear featured face
Was lovely, for she did not seem as dead,
But fast asleep, and lay as though she smiled.'

Lancelot and Elaine.

'In life itself she was so still and fair,
That death with gentler aspect withered there,

And the cold flowers her colder hand contain'd
In that last grasp as tenderly were strain'd
As if she scarcely felt but feign'd a sleep.

. . . .

Her lips . . . seem'd as they forbore to smile,
And the white shroud and each extended tress
Long fair,' etc.

BYRON.

'A trumpet blew,
Then waiting at the doors the war-horse neigh'd
As at a friend's voice.'

Lancelot and Elaine.

'Ut fremit acer equus cum bellicus aere canoro
Signa dedit tubicen, pugnaeque assumit amorem.'

OVID, *Metam.* III. 704.



CHAPTER XV.

MR. TENNYSON AT HOME.

WE have already given glimpses of Mr. Tennyson's life in the Isle of Wight. In 1869 he removed to a new summer residence in Surrey—a description of which is given in the following article which we reprint by permission from *The World*. It forms one of the admirable series which has been so great an attraction in that paper. We may mention that the architect of this house was Mr. J. T. Knowles, who is understood to be a close friend of Mr. Tennyson's. Mr. Knowles is well known as editor of the *Nineteenth Century*, a title which Mr. Tennyson suggested. The Laureate also contributed an introductory sonnet to the first number of the new periodical, which has been so great a success.

'Rising above the little sleepy hollow of

Haslemere, a rugged common, furze-clad, and purpled over with brightest cinerea, overlooks a long stretch of deep shadowy hollows, backed by many a bosky knoll and the level-crested chalk-ridge of Mid-Surrey, behind which, in the dim distance, is the faint outline of the Berkshire hills. From this common a narrow roadway, overarched with sycamores, oaks, and hazel bushes, like a Devonshire lane, trends upward to Blackburn. On either hand the way is lined with hazels, Kentish cobs, and hollies, all knee-deep in ferns, and mingled with these are feathery birches in all stages of growth, from the ruddiness of supple youth to the silver whiteness of lusty age. The road lies along a ridge, and on either side the steep combes dip down to sombre-wooded valleys, with here a long avenue of tall tremulous birches, and there a trim glade, through which one catches the gleam of corn-fields; on the further slopes, the sparkle of a little stream, winding among the trees below, or the russet walls of gabled mansions and picturesque farmsteads nestling in hollows or the hillsides. In this pleasant passage you may perchance meet a fair devotee of the poet, returning from the shrine of her

fruitless pilgrimage in a prosaic donkey-cart. A little farther on, where one passes the boundary-line between sweet Surrey and "Sowsex, full of dirt and myre," the foliage grows thinner; heath, gorse, and whortleberries line the banks; and through these, in contrast to the varied greens and purples, the dusky blue of the sandy soil, and the warm orange of the Sussex gravel shine. Then suddenly the view opens over the wild down to a broad expanse of rolling hills and valleys, where cultivation has encroached but slowly on the domain of the ancient Hursts, and thence to a distance as illimitable as the sea. Far away to the south-east a soft, grey curve, hardly darker than the thin veil of clouds overhanging it, is said to be Fairlight Down. Through a gap in the lofty South Downs one looks over the valley of the Arun to where the placid river glides into the restless sea by Little-hampton. The bold spur, crowned with pines, and rising high above the long ridges, marks where the Adur runs past Bramber and Old Shoreham; and higher still, but farther and fainter, is Ditchling Beacon, that overlooks the battle-field of Lewes and the silver windings of

the Ouse. Northward the view ranges to the white stand of Ascot and the dark wooded knoll of Windsor. In a furrow of the hills that roll in lessening waves up the nearer distance lie fair Petworth; and almost at the base of the hill, whose rugged scarp rises sheer from the valley, is Shillingly, with its broad lake gleaming among the dense dark foliage. In the midst of a scene so richly varied that its very wealth might baffle the art of a Linnell or a Vicat Cole, the Laureate has built himself, if not "a lordly pleasure-house," at least a mansion of welcome solitude away from the haunts of the crowd and safe from the intrusion of the curious, where his feet may rest for a few brief months in the migratory flight to his summer-house by the sea.

"A huge, crag platform, smooth as burnished
brass,
I chose. The ranged ramparts bright,
From level meadow bases of deep grass
Suddenly scaled the light."

Though not literally descriptive of the height whereon the poet has set his house, it is at least suggestive of the spirit that ruled its situation—

a spirit that is content with no low or mean abode. Whether this yearning for lofty things is innate or simply a natural sequence of an early life spent among flats and fens, it is certain that no modern singer loves hills as Tennyson does. It breathes through every poem he has written in later years. When the most familiar paths were among the levels of Lincolnshire, his descriptions of hill-scenery were vague and dreamlike, while his pictures of surrounding scenery were happily hit off by a few fine touches. "The level waste, the rounding grey," the stagnant waters choked with weeds, the dark and lonely meres, the sluices with blackened waters, "where the clustered marish mosses crept," were unmistakable bits of life-sketches to which no amount of elaborate word-painting could have given additional force or individuality; but the mountains were enveloped in a mist of unreality. As gradually the mist has rolled away the hills have become more vividly real and powerfully distinct, until the reader lives with the poet in "that fine air, that pure severity of perfect light," known only to dwellers on lonely heights. Like the better-known house at Farringford, whence the poet has been almost

driven by the vulgar curiosity of mobs of tourists, this at Haslemere stands close to the ridge of a noble down, and there are groves of pine on either hand; but instead of forming vantage-points, whence, by the aid of telescopes, the poet might be seen wandering in the careless-ordered garden, these groves dip suddenly down into deep gorges. Nothing of the house but the chimney-tops or the gables and pinnacles of the highest windows can be seen from any point near at hand. A belt of dense foliage and undergrowth, hardly less impenetrable than stone walls, girdles it closely about; and from the outside it is impossible to get any idea of the bright flower-gardens and pleasant glades that lie hidden in recesses of the hazel-copse.

'To get firm foothold for the walls of the house a broad platform had to be cut in the rugged face of the sandstone cliff, and the level terrace, stretching along the southern front, is only kept from sliding down to the fields below by sturdy brick buttresses and arcaded ramparts. The house is modern Gothic, designed in admirable taste, with wide-mullioned windows, many-angled oriels in shadowy recesses, and dormers whose gables and pinnacles break the

sky-line picturesquely. Within, everything is ordered with a quiet refined elegance that has in it, perhaps, just a *soupçon* of an affectation of æstheticism not quite in keeping with the spirit either of modern or of mediæval life. The hall, in spite of its richly-tessellated pavement, has a delightful sense of coolness in its soft half-light. The lofty rooms have broad high windows, the light from which is tempered by delicately coloured hangings; walls of the negative tints in which modern decorators delight, diapered with dull gold; and panelled ceilings of darkly stained wood with moulded ribs and beams. High-backed chairs, of ancient and uncompromising stiffness, flank the table, typifying the poet's sterner moods; while in cosy corners are comfortable lounges that indicate a tendency to yield sometimes to the soft seductions of more effeminate inspirations. Nowhere is the spirit vexed by garish ornament or the eye by glaring colours. A few good etchings and paintings hang on the walls; among them an excellent copy of the Peter Martyr, which is doubly valuable since the destruction of the original. But there is one room in which all that is most interesting in this house centres.

The door opens noiselessly, and the tread of your feet is muffled as you enter a dim corridor divided from the room by a high screen. The air is heavy with the odour of an incense not unfamiliar to men of letters; and if you could doubt whence it arose, your doubts would be speedily dissolved as the occupant of the chamber comes forward to meet you, the inseparable pipe still between his teeth. The figure, though slightly bent, bears the burden of sixty-six years lightly; the dark mass of hair falling backward from the broad, high forehead, and the "knightly growth fringing his lips," are but sparely streaked with silver; and the face, though rugged and deeply lined with thought, is full of calm dignity and of a tenderness strangely at variance with his somewhat brusque tone and manner. His disregard of the conventionalities of life is thoroughly natural and unaffected. His suit of light grey hanging about him in many a fold, like the hide of a rhinoceros, the loose ill-fitting collar and carelessly knotted tie, the wide low boots, are not worn, you may be sure, for artistic effect, or with the foppishness of a Byron. The spirit of the man speaks as plainly in his garb

as it did when he lashed his critic with that cutting—

> "What profits now to understand
> The merits of a spotless shirt,
> A dapper boot, a little hand,
> If half the little soul be dirt?"

'Few poets have been exposed to the same kind of persecution as the Poet Laureate. The sting of envious criticism was bad enough to a proud spirit like Byron, but it could hardly have been so bad as the pertinacity of the curious, who invaded the solitude so dear to a man of Tennyson's reflective temperament, until he could hardly venture to move from the door of his house in the Isle of Wight. Americans first injured him by stealing his verses, and then added insult to injury by flaunting their nationality constantly in his face, until the sight of a stranger became hateful to him, and his sensitive dislike to prying inquisitiveness goaded him into treating all whom he did not know as if they were in act or intention his persecutors. This peculiarity has probably not lessened with increase of years. But if his first impulse is to receive men brusquely, almost rudely, he reads

character with wonderful quickness; and when he changes his first unfavourable impression, he is not slow to act on the better opinion. His face betrays him at once. In place of the cynical curve into which habit has settled the lips, a kindly smile will flicker round the mobile mouth, and the eyes will light with a welcome, which, more than his words, is a cordial invitation to join him in the pipe of peace. But to those who would abuse the privilege he shows no mercy. Though the poet, like most thinkers, is slow of speech, and given to lapse into reverie, his powers of conversation are considerable. He speaks with a full rolling Saxon accent, that to the over-refined ears of Cockneys would probably sound like provincialism, but no person could be more correctly emphatic in pronunciation; and his ear is as readily offended, if a word be shorn of its due power, as a great musician's by discordant sounds, or a painter's eye by false colouring; and he does not allow the forms of society to stand in the way of giving very free expression to his annoyance.

'Mr. Tennyson has not made many friends among his Sussex neighbours, and though he has numerous visitors during the few months of

his annual stay at Haslemere, they are nearly all companions of that charmed circle which is narrowing so fast year after year. But his chief delight is not in communion with his fellows. Rather it is to sit here in this quiet secluded study, surrounded by a few choice books of favourite authors; and when not working at the desk, by the window that overlooks the pine-glen and the purple down westward, to lounge by the larger one that looks down on the bright blossoming terrace over the dense belt of beeches and hazels, where the whirring of night-jars sounds ceaselessly in the twilight, away to the grey lines of undulating hills and the streak of silver sea. Whatever he is doing the eternal pipe is ever ready at hand, and a huge tobacco-jar, big enough for an ancestral urn, on the floor beside him. At other times he will wander down to the zigzag pathways that meander in all directions through the tall hazel-twigs which here his house surround, where one comes suddenly on a little secluded glade bright with mossy verdure, or a garden laden with odours from a score of pine-trees, or a bigger lawn devoted to the innocent pursuit of croquet or lawn-tennis. Less frequently he may be seen walking through

neighbouring byways, and exciting the curiosity of the village folk by the strangeness of his mien and the eccentricity of his costume. In all his out-of-door excursions he is sure to be accompanied by one or other of his handsome sons, "full limbed and tall." She, the "dear, near, and true," whose sweet faith in him was ever the incentive to greater labour and higher aspirations, is no longer able to be by his side in work; but, invalid as she is, she still finds opportunity for ministering to the wants of the poor about her gates. This life at Haslemere has not perceptibly coloured Mr. Tennyson's latest writings. He has only published one important work since his summer sojourn here first became habitual, and we may therefore hope to trace something of its influence in his ripest work, for he still labours diligently, and shows no sign of resting from his laurels yet. Long may it be ere England shall say of her poet in his own words,—

"A golden bill! the silver tongue,
Cold February loved, is dry:
Plenty corrupts the melody
That made thee famous once, when young."'



CHAPTER XVI.

FREDERICK AND CHARLES TENNYSON.

R. FREDERICK TENNYSON, an elder brother of the Laureate, published in 1854 a volume of poems, entitled 'Days and Hours.' From a lengthy and enthusiastic notice of this volume, which appeared in *The Critic*, we learn that their author had devoted himself for years to study, and came over from Florence to superintend the publication of his book. The volume shows a refined and gentle mind, but the poems are too imperfect in form to gain much currency. His poems, said the *Athenæum*, are to the Laureate's 'as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine.'

THE GOLDEN CITY.

'Two aged men, that had been foes for life,
Met by a grave and wept, and in those tears
They wash'd away the memory of their strife;
Then wept again the loss of all those years.

'Two youths, discoursing amid tears and laughter,
Pour'd out their trustful hearts unto each other:
They never met before, and never after,
Yet each remembered he had found a brother.

'A boy and girl, amid the dawning light,
Glanced at each other at a palace door;
That look was hope by day, and dreams by night,
And yet they never saw each other more.

'Should gentle spirits, born for one another,
Meet only in sad death, the end of all?
Should hearts that spring, like rivers, near each other,
As far apart into the ocean fall?

* * * * * *

'Who are the foremost on the shore to find
And clasp those weary mariners, pale with woes?
Friends, lovers, tender children, parents kind,
Lost soon as loved—or loved too long to lose.

'They took their storm-beat mariners by the hand,
And through their worn and weary senses poured
Sweet snatches of old songs, and to the land
They led them, whispering many a tender word.

'Up to the golden citadel they fare,
And as they go their limbs grow full of might;
And One awaits them on the topmost stair—
One whom they had not seen, but knew at sight!

'Hark! there is music, such as never flow'd
Through all the ages—for the host are found—
Sorrow is sitting by the throne of God—
Justice and Mercy meet—and Love is crown'd!'

Mr. Frederick Tennyson, who has, we believe, resided for some time in Jersey, published a poem in 1869, in a now defunct magazine, *Grave and Gay*.

The Rev. Charles Turner, who wrote along with the Laureate 'Poems by two Brothers,' is a poet of far higher mark. In 1830, while at Cambridge, he published a small volume of sonnets which were read and much admired by Coleridge. He obtained at Cambridge Bell's University Scholarship, and promised to take as high a rank in poetry as Alfred. But he entered the Church, and was, after a short period, appointed vicar of Grasby, a small village on the Lincolnshire wolds. He married Miss Louisa Sellwood, and spent the rest of his life in that quiet retreat. Grasby is beautifully situated about three miles from the town of Caistor, with the towers of Lincoln in sight, and a beautiful wooded country between. Mr. Tennyson took the name of Turner on some property being left to him by a relative—we believe the vicar of Caistor. He devoted himself with zeal to his work, and was beloved by his people for his charity and his gentle bearing. He was accustomed to assemble them at his

vicarage, and read to them from the best English authors. For a number of years before his death he was unable to preach, and his place was taken by a curate. Mr. Sellwood, his father-in-law, lived for years under his roof. The church and parsonage at Grasby were built by Mr. Turner. The former is a small Gothic edifice, and contains a bell in memory of Mr. Sellwood. From his sequestered retreat Mr. Turner seldom moved, until near his death, when, feeling his weakness, he removed to Cheltenham, to be under the care of his friend Dr. Kerr. He died there in 1879, and his like-minded wife followed him a few weeks after. They were childless.

Mr. Turner published a small volume of sonnets in 1864 dedicated to Alfred Tennyson, and two additional volumes, one in 1868, the other in 1873.

Since his death his works have been collected, and published, with an introductory poem by his brother, a brief memoir by his nephew Hallam Tennyson, and a critical essay by his old friend James Spedding. In the Laureate's opinion some of his brother's sonnets are among the noblest in the language. In spite, however,

of Mr. Spedding's defence, it must be allowed that they are deficient in form, and the kindly critic himself admits that many are too polemical to be successful. With these abatements the sonnets are of great value, and show a man of sweet and serious mind; as well as of great powers of thought and language. The annotations by S. T. Coleridge on the first little volume of sonnets are given, and are highly characteristic. In the memorials of Frances Ridley Havergal, lately published, will be found a letter by Mr. Turner expressing his admiration of that poetess, whom he brackets with Sappho! Another brother, Mr. Septimus Tennyson, died at Cheltenham in September 1866. He was, according to the *Athenæum*, one of the singing brothers of the Poet Laureate, all singers like himself, though not in the same perfect degree. Mr. S. Tennyson was a singer without a public, but not without troops of friends, in whom he found ample compensation for loss of a wider circle.

In *The Yorkshire Literary Annual* for 1832 there is a sonnet by Mr. Edward Tennyson.



CHAPTER XVII.

ANA.

UNDER this head a few gleanings may be given.

MR. TENNYSON AS A CRITIC.

MR. TENNYSON is well known as an earnest student of the old dramatists, and is held to be a great authority in Shakespeare criticism. He has analysed 'Pericles,' determining the part that belongs to Shakespeare. He is known to have assisted Mr. F. T. Palgrave in the preparation of that exquisite anthology, *The Golden Treasury*. Of contemporary poetry, which he has so largely helped to mould, he is also a kind critic. In Dobell's life, evidence will be found of his warm appreciation of that poet, and on such writers as William Barnes and William Allingham he is known to have bestowed kindly encouragement. Of Bailey's *Festus* he said many

years ago that he was afraid of speaking for fear of falling into extravagance. Of Alexander Smith he said, according to Miss Mitford, that he had fancy but not imagination. Lyte's hymn 'Abide with me' he considers the finest in the language.

Thackeray declared of Tennyson that he was the wisest man he knew. Various notices of Tennyson will be found scattered through Charles Dickens's life. On 4th October 1867, he acted as a steward at the God-speed dinner to Dickens. In 1872 he presented the Prime Minister with a memorial signed by Swinburne, Morris, Rossetti, Arnold, Carlyle, etc., setting forth the claims of Mr. R. H. Horne to a pension in recognition of his public services.

MR. TENNYSON'S PUBLISHERS.

For many years Mr. Tennyson's publishers were Messrs. Moxon, who were known pre-eminently as publishers of poetry. In 1868, his works came into the hands of that enterprising publisher Mr. Alexander Strahan, who issued them till 1874. They then passed into the hands of Messrs. H. S. King and Co., and are now issued by their successors, Messrs. C. Kegan

Paul and Co. It was from Mr. Tennyson and not from Messrs. Strahan that the notice to terminate the agreement proceeded. It has been often stated that Mr. Tennyson received till recently £4000 a year from his works, but the authority is doubtful. For his ballad of 'The Revenge,' contributed to *The Nineteenth Century* he received 300 guineas.

PORTRAITS.

1. The earliest is that an engraving of which is prefixed to this volume. It is a crayon-drawing by Samuel Lawrence, and a lithograph of it was published at Cambridge by R. Roe. The engraving by J. C. Armytage was originally published in a 'New Spirit of the Age' by R. H. Horne.

2. Photograph by Mayall, 1856, *National Magazine*, November 1856. See also Knight's *Popular History of England*, vol. viii.

3. Two oil paintings by G. F. Watts, one exhibited in the International Exhibition, 1862, and the other in Gambart's Gallery, 1867.

The first is considered by Mr. Shepherd the most wonderful of all the portraits.

4. Photograph by Mayall, 1864-1865.

Mr. Mayall in 1865 sent to the Dublin Exhibition a series of portraits of Mr. Tennyson, enlarged by a new process from a small original. The *Athenæum* said, 'We have never seen the Laureate's noble face more nobly rendered than in those impresses.'

5. Photograph by Elliott and Fry, 1865. The *Athenæum* said, 'A very good likeness of the poet, which is at the same time a fine picture.'

6. Mr. Woolner, who is known both as a poet and a sculptor, has at various times executed busts of Tennyson. The first, originally exhibited in Manchester, is now in the vestibule of the library of Trinity College, Cambridge. An engraving of a medallion by the same hand appeared in Moxon's illustrated edition, 1857; and a new medallion was published by Moxon and Co. in 1865. Recently (1874) Mr. Woolner has carried out on his own account a large bust of Tennyson, to which, according to Mrs. Pattison, 'he has devoted himself with the conscientious zeal and unscrupulous (*sic*) energy peculiar to him, and the bust is conspicuous for excellence in the best qualities which characterise Mr. Woolner's work of this class.'

7. The most remarkable photographs of Mr.

Tennyson are probably those by Julia Margaret Cameron of Freshwater. This remarkable woman died in 1879. She was originally one of three Miss Pattles distinguished in Calcutta society for their wit and beauty. There she met and married Mr. Charles Hay Cameron, then a Member of Council. On leaving India, they settled down at Freshwater, where many visitors were attracted by her talents, and the reputation of her venerable husband. About 1864 she first won publicity by her bold innovations in the art of photography. The heads of her neighbours, Mr. Tennyson and Sir Henry Taylor, were among her first successes. After them came Browning, Carlyle, Darwin, and many others. She followed up her successes in portraiture by imaginative representations either of individual persons in history and literature, or of easily recognised scenes. Colnaghi's Gallery was the regular place of exhibition for her pictures season after season. Latterly, in company with her husband, she followed her dearly loved sons to Ceylon, where, after an interval, she resumed her favourite occupation under a less clouded sky. Her death happened suddenly after but a brief illness. Mrs. Cameron

contributed at least one poem to *Macmillan's Magazine* (1876). (The above notice is mainly taken from an article in *The Academy*, March 8th, 1879, by Mr. J. S. Cotton.)

TRANSLATIONS.

Many of Mr. Tennyson's poems have been translated into Latin by English scholars. We may mention Lord Ravensworth, Mr. J. S. Evans, who has translated 'Œnone,' Professor Selwyn, who translated 'Enoch Arden' in sleepless nights of suffering, and especially the authors of *Horæ Tennysonianæ*, including A. J. Church, Conington, Seeley, etc.

He has also been translated into most continental languages, including French, German, Spanish, etc. In 1870, *In Memoriam* was translated into German for the first time, and offered as a solace to the survivors of those slain in battle.

The sale of Tennyson's works (in English) in France, Portugal, and Spain was, in 1867, about 5000 volumes a year.

TEXTUAL VARIATIONS.

Mr. Tennyson's poems contain many marks

of careful revision, showing often that he is not insensible to the remarks of his critics. A few examples illustrative of his sensitive taste and refined workmanship may be given.

In No. XXIV. of *In Memoriam* the second stanza used to run as follows:—

'If all was good and fair we met,
The earth had been the Paradise
It never look'd to human eyes
Since Adam left his garden yet.'

It now stands:—

'If all were good and fair we met,
This earth had been the Paradise
It never look'd to human eyes
Since our first Sun arose and set.'

In 'The Last Tournament,' as it originally appeared in *The Contemporary Review*, we read towards the conclusion:—

'He rose, he turn'd, and flinging round her neck,
Claspt it; but while he bowed himself to lay
Warm kisses in the hollow of her throat,' etc.

As republished this reads :—

'He rose, he turn'd, then flinging round her neck,
Claspt it, and cried, "Thine order, O my Queen!"
But while he bow'd to kiss the jewell'd throat,'
etc.

'Lady Clare' originally opened thus :—

'Lord Ronald courted Lady Clare,
I trow they did not part in scorn;
Lord Ronald, her cousin, courted her,
And they will wed to-morrow morn.'

In the famous stanza in 'Lady Clara Vere de Vere,'

'Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
From yon blue heavens above us bent,
The grand old gardener and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent,'

the third line in the original edition ran :—

'The gardener Adam and his wife,'

and this reading has been restored in recent editions. Most people will think it a much more prosaic rendering.

In the 'Dream of Fair Women' an alteration has been introduced which has given considerable offence to several critics. The stanza which formerly ran—

'The tall masts flicker'd as they lay afloat;
The temples and the people, and the shore;
One drew a sharp knife through my tender throat,
Slowly—and nothing more,'

now reads:—

'The high masts flicker'd as they lay afloat;
The temples, and the people, and the shore;
One drew a sharp knife through my tender throat,
Touched—and I knew no more.'

The cause of this alteration is curious. In Lockhart's famous review of Tennyson in the *Quarterly,* he quoted the stanza as it originally stood, and added, 'What touching simplicity! what genuine pathos! *He cut my throat—nothing more!* One might indeed ask—What more she would have?'



CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF TENNYSON.

SUPPRESSED POEMS—1827.

I.—POEMS, BY TWO BROTHERS.

'*Haec nos novimus esse nihil.*'—MARTIAL.

London: Printed for W. Simpkin and R. Marshall, Stationers'-Hall-Court; and J. and J. Jackson, Louth, MDCCCXXVII., pp. xii. 228. Published in two sizes—12mo., 5s; crown octavo, 7s.



HE following is a list of the contents of this excessively rare volume: Stanzas; 'In early youth I lost my sire;' Memory; 'Yes, there be some gay souls who never weep;' The Exile's Harp; 'Have ye not

seen the buoyant orb;' 'Why should we weep for those who die?' 'Religion though we seem to spurn;' Remorse; 'On golden evenings when the sun;' The Dell of E—; My Brother; Antony to Cleopatra; 'I wander in darkness and sorrow;' 'To one whose hope reposed on thee;' The Old Sword; 'We meet no more;' The Gondola, written by an exile of Bassorah while sailing down the Euphrates; Maria to her Lute, the gift of her dying Lover; The Vale of Bones; To Fancy; Boyhood; 'Did not thy roseate lips outvie;' Huntsman's Song; Persia; Egypt; The Druid's Prophecies; Lines to one who entertained a light opinion of an Eminent Character; Swiss Song; The Expedition of Nadir Shah into Hindostan; Greece; The Maid of Savoy; Ignorance of Modern Egypt; Midnight; 'In Summer, when all Nature glows;' Scotch Song; 'Borne on light wings of buoyant down;' Song, 'The stars of yon placid blue sky;' Friendship; On the Death of my Grandmother; 'And ask ye why these sad tears stream?' The Reign of Love; On Sublimity; The Deity; ''Tis the Voice of the Dead;' Time: an ode; 'All joyous in the realms of day;' God's Denunciations against

Pharaoh-Hophra, or Apries; The Thunder Storm; The Battle-field; The Grave of a Suicide; On the Death of Lord Byron; The Walk at Midnight; The Bard's Farewell; Mithridates presenting Berenice with a cup of poison; Epigram; Epigram on a Musician; On being asked for a simile to illustrate the advantage of keeping the passion subservient to Reason; The Old Chieftain; Apollonius Rhodius's Complaint; The Fall of Jerusalem; Short Eulogium on Homer; Lamentation of the Peruvians; 'A sister, sweet endearing Name!' 'Oh, never may frowns and dissension molest;' 'The sun goes down in the dark blue main;' 'Still, mute, and motionless she lies;' On a dead Enemy; Lines on hearing a description of the scenery of Southern America; The Duke of Alva's Observation on Kings; 'Ah! yes, the lip may faintly smile;' 'Thou camest to thy bower, my love, across the musky grove;' To ——; The Passions; The High Priest to Alexander; 'The dew with which the early mead is drest;' 'On the Moonlight shining upon a Friend's Grave; A Contrast; Epigram; The dying Christian; 'Those worldly goods that distant seem;' 'How gaily sinks the gor-

geous sun within his golden bed;' A glance; 'Oh, ye wild winds, that roar and rave;' Switzerland; Babylon; The slighted Lover; 'Oh! were this heart of hardest steel;' 'Cease, railer, cease! unthinking man;' 'In winter's dull and cheerless reign;' Anacreontic; Sunday Mobs; Phrenology; Imagination; Love; To ——; Song; The Oak of the North; Exhortations to the Greeks; King Charles's Vision.

1829.

II. TIMBUCTOO: A poem which obtained the Chancellor's medal at the Cambridge Commencement, by A. Tennyson of Trinity College.

'Deep in that lion-haunted island lies
A mystic city, goal of high emprise.'
CHAPMAN.

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Printed in the *Cambridge Chronicle*, 10th July 1829, and in the 'Prolusiones Academicae praemiis annuis dignatæ, et in curia Cantabrigiensi recitatæ comitiis maximis, A.D. MDCCCXXIX. Cantabrigiae: typis academicis excudit Joannes Smith, pp. 13. Several times reprinted in the 'Cambridge Prize Poems.'

1830.

III. POEMS, CHIEFLY LYRICAL. By Alfred Tennyson. London: Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange, Cornhill. 8vo, pp. 154, with leaf of errata.

The following pieces contained in this volume have not been reprinted:—Elegiacs; The How and the Why? Supposed Confessions of a second-rate Sensitive Mind not in Unity with itself; The Burial of Love; To Juliet; Song; Song; Song; Hero to Leander; The Mystic; The Grasshopper; Love, Pride, and Forgetfulness; Chorus in an unpublished Drama, written very early; Lost Hope; The Tears of Heaven; Love and Sorrow; To a Lady Sleeping; Sonnets; Love; English War Song; National Song; Dualisms; *οἱ ῥέοντες*.

1831.

IV. In *The Gem*, a literary annual (London: W. Marshall, 1 Holborn Bars, MDCCCXXXI.), pp. 87, 131, 242, appeared three short poems by Tennyson:—

No more; Anacreontics; A Fragment.

V. In *The Englishman's Magazine* (London: Edward Moxon, 64 New Bond Street), for August 1831, appeared:

Sonnet—'Check every outflash, every ruder sally.'

This was reprinted in *Friendship's Offering*, 1833.

1832.

VI. Sonnet—'There are three things which fill my heart with sighs.'

Printed in *Yorkshire Literary Annual* for 1832.

VII. Sonnet—'Me my own fate to lasting sorrow doometh.'

Printed in *Friendship's Offering* for 1832.

VIII. POEMS BY ALFRED TENNYSON. London, Edward Moxon, 64 New Bond Street, MDCCCXXXIII., fp. octavo, pp. 163. Published in the winter of 1832.

The following pieces contained in this volume have not been reprinted:—Sonnet; Sonnet; The Hesperides; Rosalind; Song; Kate; Song written on hearing of the outbreak of the Polish insurrection; Sonnet; O Darling Room; To Christopher North.

1846.

IX. The New Timon and the Poets.

Punch, February 28, 1846.

1850.

X. 'Here often, when a child, I lay reclined.' Printed in the *Manchester Athenæum Album*, 1850.

1851.

XI. Stanzas—'What time I wasted youthful hours.'

Printed in the *Keepsake* for 1851.

XII. Sonnet to W. C. Macready.

Printed in *The Household Narrative of Current Events*, February-March 1851.

1852.

XIII. 'Britons, guard your own.'

Examiner, January 31, 1852.

'Hands all round.'

Examiner, February 7, 1852.

1857.

XIV. Enid and Nemuc; or, The True and the False, pp. 139. (Privately printed.)

1858.

XV. Two Stanzas added to the National Anthem, on the Marriage of the Princess Royal, January 28, 1858.

Printed in the newspapers.

1859.

XVI. 'The War' (better known under the title of 'Riflemen Form').

Times, May 9, 1859.

1864.

XVII. Epitaph on the late Duchess of Kent.

Court Journal, May 19, 1864.

1868.

XVIII. 1865-1866.

Good Words, March 1868.

1875.

XIX. 'Midnight, June 30, 1879,' prefixed to Charles Tennyson Turner's *Collected Sonnets*, 1880.

XX. Two poems for children by Mr. Tennyson appeared in *St. Nicholas*, an American periodical for children, for 1880. These have not been reprinted in this country.

POEMS IN PRINT.

1830.

I. POEMS, CHIEFLY LYRICAL. By Alfred Tennyson. London: Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange, Cornhill. 8vo, pp. 154 and leaf of errata.

Claribel, a Melody; Lilian; Isabel; Mariana; To ——; Madeline; The Merman; The Mermaid; Song—The Owl; Second Song—To the Same; Recollections of the Arabian Nights; Ode to Memory; Song; Adeline; A Character; The Poet; The Poet's Mind; Nothing will Die; All Things will Die; The Dying Swan; A Dirge; The Deserted House; Love and Death; The Kraken; The Ballad of Oriana; Circumstance; The Sleeping Beauty; The Sea Fairies; Sonnet to J. M. K.; We are Free.

1832.

II. POEMS BY ALFRED TENNYSON. London: Edward Moxon, 64 New Bond Street, MDCCCXXXIII., fp. octavo, pp. 163. Published in the winter of 1832.

The following pieces contained in this volume have been reprinted :—Buonaparte ; The Lady of Shalott ; Mariana in the South ; Eleanore ; The Miller's Daughter ; Fatima ; Œnone ; The Sisters ; To ——, with the following Poem ; The Palace of Art ; The May Queen ; New Year's Eve ; The Lotos Eaters ; A Dream of Fair Women ; Margaret ; Sonnet on the Result of the late Russian Invasion of Poland ; The Death of the Old Year ; To J. S.

1833.

III. THE LOVER'S TALE. By Alfred Tennyson. London : Edward Moxon, 64 New Bond Street, MDCCCXXXIII., pp. 60.

Reprinted in 1879.

1837.

IV. 'St. Agnes.'

Printed in *The Keepsake* for 1837.

V. Stanzas—' Oh ! that 'twere possible.'

Printed in '*The Tribute* : a Collection of Miscellaneous Unpublished Poems, by various Authors,' edited by Lord Northampton. London : John Murray, 1837.

1842.

VI. POEMS BY ALFRED TENNYSON. In

two volumes. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street, MDCCCXLII.

This volume consists of three divisions. 1. A selection from the contents of the volume of 1830. 2. A selection from the volume of 1832. 3. Poems published for the first time, including 'Ulysses,' 'Love and Duty,' 'The Two Voices,' 'The Vision of Sin,' etc.

Second Edition. 2 vols., 1843.

Third Edition. 2 vols., 1845.

Fourth Edition. 2 vols., 1846.

Fifth Edition. 1848. The first one-volume edition.

1846.

VII. 'After Thought.'

Punch. March 7, 1846.

1847.

VIII. THE PRINCESS: A MEDLEY. By Alfred Tennyson. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street, MDCCCXLVII., fp. 8vo, pp. 164.

Second Edition (with a dedication to Henry Lushington), 1848.

1849.

IX. To ——. 'You might have won the Poet's name.'

Examiner, March 24, 1849.

1850.

X. IN MEMORIAM. London: Edward Moxon, 1850.

Second and third editions appeared in the same year.

XI. THE PRINCESS: A MEDLEY. By Alfred Tennyson. Third Edition, 1850.

This edition differs materially from the two former editions.

1851.

XII. POEMS: Seventh Edition, 1851.

This edition contains, for the first time, 'To the Queen;' 'Edwin Morris, or the Lake;' 'Come not when I am dead;' 'The Eagle.'

XIII. IN MEMORIAM. Fourth Edition, 1851.

To this edition is added, for the first time, section 59, 'O Sorrow, wilt thou live with me.'

1852.

XIV. 'The Third of February 1852.'

Printed in *Examiner*, February 7, 1852.

XV. 'Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.' 8vo, pp. 16.

Second Edition, revised, 1853.

1854.

XVI. 'The Charge of the Light Brigade.'

Examiner, December 9, 1854.

A thousand copies of this poem, with a prose note by the author, were issued in August 1855, for distribution among the soldiers before Sebastopol.

1855.

XVII. MAUD AND OTHER POEMS. By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet Laureate, pp. 154.

New edition, considerably enlarged, 1856.

1859.

XVIII. IDYLLS OF THE KING. London: Moxon, pp. 261.

XIX. 'The Grandmother's Apology.'

Once a Week, No. 3, July 16, 1859.

1860.

XX. 'Sea Dreams; an Idyll.'

Macmillan's Magazine, January 1860.

XXI. 'Tithonus.'

Cornhill Magazine, February 1860.

1861.

XXII. 'The Sailor Boy.'

Victoria Regia (published by Emily Faithfull), 1861.

1862.

XXIII. New Edition of 'Idylls of the King,' with a Dedication to the Memory of the late Prince Consort.

XXIV. Ode: May the first, 1862.

Printed in all the Newspapers. A correct copy appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*, June 1862.

1863.

XXV. A Welcome. London: Edward Moxon and Co. pp. 4.

XXVI. Attempts at Classic Metres in Quantity.

Cornhill Magazine, December 1863.

1864.

XXVII. ENOCH ARDEN, etc. By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet Laureate. pp. 178.

1865.

XXVIII. A selection from the works of Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet-Laureate.

This volume contains the following pieces for the first time:—'The Captain;' 'On a Mourner;' 'Three Sonnets to a Coquette;' 'Home they brought him slain with spears.'

1867.

XXIX. THE WINDOW, or, the Loves of the Wrens. By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet-Laureate. (Printed at the Private Press of Sir Ivor Bertie Guest, Bart., of Canford Manor, near Wimborne.)

1868.

XXX. 'The Victim.'
Good Words, January 1868.

XXXI. 'On a Spiteful Letter.'
Once a Week, January 1868.

XXXII. 'Wages.'
Macmillan's Magazine, February 1868.

XXXIII. 'Lucretius.'
Macmillan's Magazine, May 1868.

1869.

XXXIV. THE HOLY GRAIL, and other Poems. pp. 222. (Strahan & Co.)

1874.

XXXV. 'A Welcome to Marie Alexandrovna, Duchess of Edinburgh.' Printed in the *Times*, and as a flyleaf.

1875.

XXXVI. QUEEN MARY. A Drama. By Alfred Tennyson. Henry S. King and Co. London, 1875. pp. viii. 278.

1877.

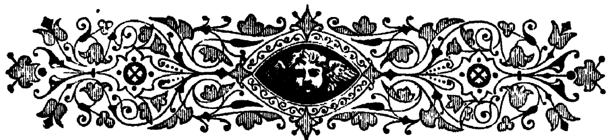
XXXVII. HAROLD. A Drama. By Alfred Tennyson. Henry S. King and Co. London, 1877. pp. viii. 161.

1880.

XXXVIII. Ballads and other Poems. By Alfred Tennyson. London: C. Kegan Paul and Co. 1880.

The following Poems contained in this volume were previously published:—'Sonnet to William Henry Brookfield.' Printed in Lord Lyttleton's Memoir, prefixed to Brookfield's 'Sermons,' 1875. 'Introductory Sonnet'—'Montenegro;' 'Sonnet to Victor Hugo;' 'Achilles over the French' (from the Eighteenth Iliad); 'Sir Richard Grenville: a Ballad of the Fleet;' 'The Defence of Lucknow;' 'De Profundis:' 'The Two Greetings;' 'The Human Cry.'

All the above have appeared in *The Nineteenth Century*.



CHAPTER XIX.

CRITICISMS OF TENNYSON.

[Only a selection is attempted. For anonymous criticisms, see 'Tennysoniana.']

ALFORD, HENRY, D.D.

'IDYLLS OF THE KING.' *Contemporary Review*, Jan. 1870. [Interesting as containing a semi-authorised explanation of the allegory.]

AUSTIN, ALFRED.

Poetry of the Period, 1870. Originally printed in *Temple Bar*, May 1869. [Caustic.]

BAGEHOT, WALTER.

Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning, or pure, ornate, and grotesque work in English Poetry. *National Review*, Nov. 1864.

BAILEY, PHILIP JAMES.

Correspondence in Autobiography of the Rev. Charles Rogers, LL.D.

['I highly value him. A man may be a poet of a very high order, and not have written a great poem.']

BAYNE, PETER, LL.D.

Essays. Hogg, 1859.

Lessons from my Masters. Clarke, 1879. Revised and enlarged from *The Literary World.*

[Referred to in the body of this work. One of the fullest and most careful estimates.]

BRIMLEY, GEORGE.

Cambridge Essays, 1855. Reprinted in Collected Essays of George Brimley.

BUCHANAN, ROBERT.

Tennyson's 'Charm.' *St. Paul's Magazine,* March 1872.

CARR, J. COMYNS.

A New Study of Tennyson. *Cornhill Magazine,* Feb. and July 1880. [Perhaps the most valuable aid to the student yet published.]

CARRUTHERS, ROBERT.

Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature, vol. ii. pp. 586-591. [It is interesting to compare the earlier and later editions.]

CHEETHAM, S.

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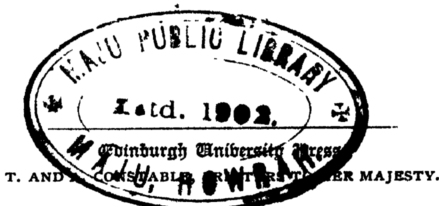
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